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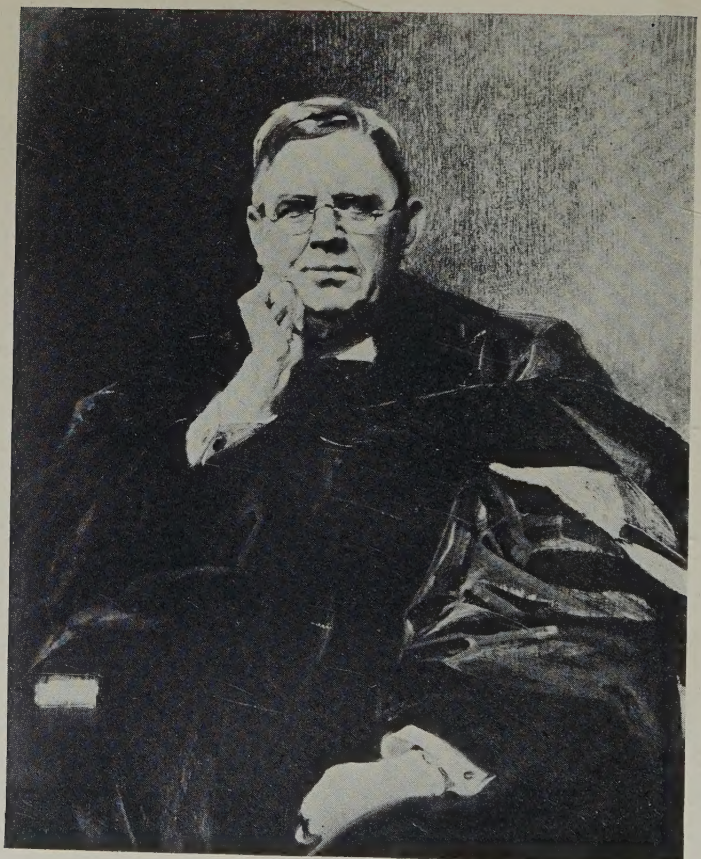
EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY



From the portrait by Frank O. Salisbury.

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

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S. PARKES CADMAN

Pioneer Radio Minister

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EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

S. PARKES CADMAN

Pioneer Radio Minister

By FRED HAMLIN

With an Introduction by
BISHOP FRANCIS J. McCONNELL

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

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TO

ANNEMARIE EWING HAMLIN

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EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

INTRODUCTION

My first realization of the immense force of Samuel Parkes Cadman came just after I had entered upon the pastorate of the New York Avenue Methodist Church of Brooklyn in 1903. My church was only four or five blocks away from that of Dr. Cadman. I had not been in my new field more than a month or two before I became conscious of a mighty ecclesiastical pull or tug upon the church-going people of my neighborhood, in the direction of the Central Congregational Church. It seemed to me, in my pastoral rounds, that my first task, after prevailing upon an individual to attend church at all, was to show him cause why he should not go to Cadman. One brother frankly told me that he preferred to come to my church rather than to Dr. Cadman's because he could always get a seat at my church. When the Central Church announced a special theme by its minister, I always

got the benefit of an increased attendance—because the late-comers who could not get into the Central Congregational came in to hear me.

Naturally enough I began at once to try to get at the cause of the Central Church's being a religious maelstrom whose suction drew everything toward its center. The center was S. Parkes Cadman. I have kept up my study during the past twenty-seven years and have found no explanation except Cadman himself. He is what he is and must be taken for what he is. There is no explaining him, but here's looking at him without attempt to explain.

First of all we have to take account of a simply enormous physical and intellectual and moral vitality. The mere cataloguing of Dr. Cadman's activities during the past third of a century would be a rather staggering task. Counting in the length of his public life and reckoning the numbers who have heard him over the radio, I do not think it would be too much to say that more persons have heard the sound of Cadman's voice than that of any other individual who has ever lived. It used

to be said that more persons had heard William J. Bryan in public speech under the conditions of immediate physical presence than any other man —and this is probably true, taking the length of Bryan's public life into account. Still, Cadman's public career started at about the same time Bryan's did, and when Bryan was at the height of his power Cadman was probably speaking directly to as many people in a year as was Bryan. After all that came the radio, which has given Cadman his unparalleled opportunity.

Now people would not have listened to Dr. Cadman all these years if they had not got something out of his speech. I used to ask the listeners to the Cadman preaching what they received from it that they valued most. The reply almost always indicated a sense of "feeling better," of being "braced up all over," by the sheer vitality of the utterance itself. The preaching was like the opening of sluice-gates upon parched fields—just the type of service most likely to help dwellers in the midst of the intense strain of a great city. The hypercritical may occasionally complain that they

cannot remember just what the preacher's line of thought was. It is true that the most genuinely Cadman eloquence has to be consumed on the spot, but it is a good spot wherever Cadman is speaking, and the experience of consuming the eloquence is a rare delight. The aim of the Cadman oratory is not pedagogical, but inspirational. It is to be judged by its total effect, the high glow of life produced by the impact and contagion of the life of the speaker.

It would be a complete mistake to think of the work of Dr. Cadman as to any considerable degree extemporaneous. Of course, the after-dinner speeches have to be extemporaneous. Probably to most such addresses the speaker does not give five minutes apiece of specific preparation, but that does not imply extemporaneousness by any means. For Cadman is not only an enormous reader, but a copious writer. He has learned long since that ordinarily the best writing is done not by dictation or even upon a typewriter, but by the pen. He writes—or did write—incessantly, until the exhaustion of the pen-wagging muscles called for a

different method. If anyone is tempted to think that the utterances of Dr. Cadman are marked by the inaccuracies which usually characterize speech as voluminous as his, let him ask himself how often Cadman has been caught in mistake as to error of fact. Here is a man who has been before the public for thirty years, continuously speaking and writing. How many "breaks"—how many of what the English schoolboy calls "howlers"—has he been caught at in that period? Remember there are scores of sharp-eyed critics about all the time to catch him.

It might naturally be supposed that the Gulf Stream type of activity would be indifferent to details, yet Cadman is one of the most exact minds as to details whom I know. He is one of the best pastors I have ever known in his regard for individuals in need, and one of the most careful of church administrators in supervision of even the least phases of parish life. He writes letters literally by the hundred, and that in long-hand. It might be imagined also that a mind of such capacious interests would be concerned more with

large scenic effects—more with sunsets than with roses, more with colors laid on with big brushes than with the fine lines of etchings—but it is not so. Again, it might be reasonably concluded that the charm of Cadman's speech would consist mostly in size of conception and sweep of generalization,—but this not so. Many of his sentences taken separately have a haunting suggestion of delicate fragrance. Once more it might have been fancied that the moral content of the Cadman message would devote itself wholly to the simple and elementary rudiments as having significance for the masses of men whom the preacher reaches. This again would be a mistake. The finer shadings of moral and spiritual truth make their appeal in the message to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

The present volume enables the reader to realize anew some of the rush and tingle of the Cadman vitality.

FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL

NEW YORK
February, 1930

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Pioneer Radio Minister

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

S. PARKES CADMAN

I

Shropshire Lad

IT WAS Sunday, December eighteenth, of the year 1864. In the United States, the Civil War was in its death throes. General Robert E. Lee, battered and almost beaten, was making a last stand for the Confederacy in the Valley of the Shenandoah, trying to fend off the hammering blows of Ulysses S. Grant. It was a year that Americans can never forget.

At the head of the Federal Government, and brooding over the fratricidal war in which it was engaged, was Abraham Lincoln. The eyes of the Union were turned toward him for leadership and guidance; and outside of this country, across the world, eyes of others looked on him as a man who was a Christian, if for no other reason than that, in his heart, he hated war and all its horrors. Among the outsiders who admired this gaunt

President of the United States and loved him for his homely ideals, was one Samuel Cadman, citizen of Mossy Green, a village two miles from Wellington, in Shropshire, England. Till the day Cadman died, he looked on Abraham Lincoln as one of the greatest men of all time.

On this particular Sunday Samuel Cadman, as was his custom, did a hard day's work. He was a charter master of coal mines, by trade. From five-thirty o'clock every morning during the week, until three o'clock in the afternoon, he captained his hard-toiling men, and was often exhausted after six days of it. But Samuel Cadman never rested on Sunday. The possibility that he had a right to take things easy never entered his head.

On Sunday, Samuel Cadman worked for the Lord.

Like his father, grand old Robert Cadman, and his brother, Henry, he was a lay minister of the Methodist Church. Henry had inherited his father's imposing figure. Samuel had as a birthright a golden voice and a love for good reading that no amount of poverty, long hours of work,

and hardship could down. Both men received from their father a deep-rooted, undoubting belief in God and in the teachings of His Son, Jesus Christ. Strong men they were, all three of them; iron-muscled men, unafraid of danger, of hard work, or of the devil.

But no Cadman worked on Sunday, save for God. They were all lay preachers in the communities in which they lived; communities in which most of the people were poor miners. There was not enough wealth to support a full-time minister for every church, so the three Cadmans did their work for the Master without receiving a cent.

And hard work it was, as Samuel Cadman's activities on this December Sunday in 1864 will indictate. He got up at his usual rising hour—four o'clock—for there was a long walk ahead of him before he preached his first sermon, in a village ten miles away. He walked the ten miles, because the Cadmans did not care to work their horses on Sunday.

Lawley Bank, Dawley, Wellington, Mossy Green, Old Park—all Shropshire—were aglow

with the spirit of the Christmas season that morning. It was, and, to some extent, still is, a season which Shropshire folk observe in their own fashion and with their own peculiar customs. Food of all sorts and descriptions, including great batches of mince-meat, is prepared in advance of the holidays, in order to lighten the housework as much as possible during the festivities. A violent epidemic of house-cleaning is also the order of the day before the real fun begins. Sprigs of bright-berried holly, dark-leaved ivy, and evergreen are used to decorate the leaded panes of window casements, and are strewn among the willow-pattern plates and dishes on the oaken sideboards. They festoon the tall brass candlesticks, the "chaney" ornaments, and the crock dogs on the high mantel shelf. A bunch of evergreen with a piece of mistletoe—they call it the kissing bush—is hung from the middle of the ceiling, or in a doorway, to catch unsuspecting maidens.

The food is of great variety and quantity; pork pie, roast goose, flavored with sage and onions, and a liberal helping of plum cake, with light cakes,

mince pie, pickles, and plum pudding to top off. Especially plum pudding and mince pie. Indeed, there used to be an old saying in Shropshire that in every house in which a person ate a mince pie during the Christmas season, he would enjoy a happy month during the ensuing year! Even Samuel Cadman, busy as he was, looked forward to the oncoming festivities.

Perhaps, too, he looked forward to fireside games: solving riddles, watching the children play blind man's buff, "sousing" for apples. And undoubtedly he thought warmly of the cold, clear Christmas Eve, when, under the stars outside his window, the singers would carol, "Once in Royal David's City," or "While the Shepherds Watched Their Flocks at Night," or "Come All Ye Faithful."

But there was little time for dreaming on that crisp Sunday. Striding along the snow-covered roads, passing quaint lattice-and-plaster cottages, or others, of stone, vine-covered, with the dead leaves rattling in the wind—while walking, the minister thought of his sermon. Often he became

so wrapped up in it that when a two-wheel cart passed by, half filled with straw and overflowing with a family on the way to some church, he almost forgot to greet the occupants in his clear, mellow voice. And after he had reached his first church and delivered his sermon, he was faced with another long walk to the next. He was like the circuit rider of this continent, with the important exception that he lacked a horse.

Those were humble services that Samuel Cadman gave to his humble flocks. They awaited him eagerly in little congregations of two or three hundred; toil-worn, simple folk, hungry for word of the Kingdom. And as his words filled each little auditorium with their music, hard lines disappeared from the faces of the tired miners and careworn farmers, and from the weary eyes of the women, the look of stolid, peasant despair was lost in a light that was as beautiful as it was divine. Had you been there on that Sunday, you would have recognized the minister as one who was well versed in the Bible and general literature; and what he said would have lifted you out

of yourself and guided you to the Master's feet. Here, indeed, was a man of God!

A meal at noon, another church, another long walk, and, in the evening a service in a third church, far from home; such was his Sunday program, often for months on end.

By the time the last sermon was finished, any ordinary man would have been worn out. But that, in Samuel Cadman's case, was impossible. Did he not have to visit for a time with his little congregation, and then, possibly, at eleven o'clock in the evening, start out across the country on foot for a ten mile walk home?

He walked briskly this starry, snow-white night, regardless of his fatigue. He had been faithful to his duties and discharged them all with care; now, home called him with strong insistence. The Christmas season might not bring to the Cadman cottage a wealth of presents, but at least one present was expected that everyone in the household was looking forward to with much curiosity and expectation.

As it turned out, the gift arrived ahead of time. It was there when Samuel Cadman got home, after midnight. It had been there for quite some time—and was crying lustily. . . .

II

Pony Boy

THEY named the boy Samuel, after his father, and Parkes, his mother's family name. Samuel Parkes Cadman. An old lady known as Sally Partridge, prophesied that he would be an unlucky child, because it was bad luck to weigh a baby before he was a year old, and still worse luck to cut his finger nails during the first twelve-month. She was particularly shocked when she heard about the finger nails. She advised Samuel's mother to bite them off, because, she explained, if you cut them the boy would grow up to be light-fingered and turn out a thief!

But all dour predictions to the contrary, the boy grew, and, by the time he was eleven, had, to all intents and purposes, about finished his schooling. He was old enough by the following summer, and after a family conference on the subject, to

go into the mines. There were seven little Cadmans by then, four boys and three girls; and seven mouths to feed is a large order in the Shropshire coal fields. Young Samuel—now shortened to Sam—was to go to work in his uncle's and his father's coal mine, Little Hays Pits.

The father, as has been said, was a charter master. He leased the right for working the mine from the proprietor, who sometimes was the owner of the land the mine was on, but sometimes leased the coal mining rights, in turn, from the landowner. The charter master was an employer of mine labor, and furnished the timber, horses, and tools. For these he received, by way of compensation, a given amount on each ton of coal mined. It was a job that required long experience in mining, and not a little business ability.

The son went in the mine as a pony boy, a trying task for a child of less than twelve. While he worked in his father's mine, he actually was responsible to the miner whose coal he loaded into "tubs"—pony carts—and hauled to the base of

the mine shaft, from which place the coal was raised to the surface.

Like his father, young Sam got up at four o'clock. Breakfast was at four-thirty. It was always followed by family prayers. Since the workers were due at the mine at five-thirty, and since it was three and a half miles to the shaft-head from the cottage, father and son had to leave at five and walk briskly to avoid being late.

Work at the mine actually began at six, but time was required to lower the men down the shaft, five hundred feet deep. At Little Hays Pits this was done by seating half a dozen miners in the loop of a chain apiece and then lowering them into the pit. The weight of those sitting in the loop tended to tighten it, packing the men so close together that there was little likelihood of their falling out and dropping to the bottom of the shaft and certain death.

From six in the morning until three in the afternoon, Sam toiled in the bowels of the earth. His only respite was half an hour for lunch, but even then he did not come to the surface.

Often, it was riskier to come to the surface than it was to drop into the shaft. When the work began, large numbers of the men were packed into the chain loops at one time. But, at the end of the day, some finished later than others and came up in groups of twos or threes. It was then that danger stalked in the mine shaft. The big chains did not pack so few men so tightly, and there was greater risk of slipping while you were being jerked to the surface.

Little Sam knew this, and so did the men with whom he worked. When three were going up and he was one of them, the other two held him between them. If he slipped, they thought, there would be a fighting chance that they could hold him until the chain reached the surface.

And he did slip! The accident occurred soon after he had come to the mine. Tired out after the long day's work, he lost his grip and felt himself sliding, almost before the chain had begun to pull him and two comrades to the surface. His comrades tried to hold him, but their grips began to weaken, too. The chain shot up—one hundred

feet. The men shouted desperately as they neared the surface.

"Lower away! We're slippin'! Lower away, man, lower away!"

By a miracle someone heard, and the engine that was raising the chain went rapidly into reverse. The men holding young Sam tightened their grips in desperation. In a minute it was all over, and the hard surface of the shaft bottom was under their feet.

Young Sam Cadman had faced death for the first time in his life, but not for the last.

Coal mine ponies. In England, they are the shaggy Welsh type. Intelligent little animals, and as faithful and watchful as a man's mother. Ask any old-time miner. He will tell you about it with emotion. Harry Lauder knew and loved them; and to one of them he owes his life. It was a pony who sensed that there was a cave-in coming in the dark passage up ahead and turned in the nick of time, to lead his master, later the most famous Scotsman of his day, to safety. And Sam

Cadman knew them and loved them with all the affection of a boy's heart.

"Two of the best friends I ever had were coal mine ponies," he said. "Their names were Jim and Bot."

Jim was the first one. He had been a doctor's pony, but had been so obstreperous that his master had sold him to the mines. Here he was to devote the rest of his life to young Samuel Cadman. A mine pony never saw the sunlight in those days. He worked in the mines with his boy, and spent the night in them, snug in a stable built in a deserted passageway. Yet lack of sun or hour glass did not interfere with the little animal's knowing when it was time to quit. Within five minutes of three o'clock, young Sam would see the tiny fellow, tugging at a heavy string of tubs, cast a furtive glance backwards. He was looking for the twinkle of the miners' headlamps as they came down the gloom of the passages, through for the day.

Jim, shaggy little Jim, once saved Sam's life. Some tubs had gotten away at the top of an in-

cline and were rocketing downward. They brought death with them under grinding wheels. Jim snorted a warning. Sam leaped to safety in the nick of time. But the pony did not get out of the deadly pathway of the hurtling cars and his back was broken by their impact. Jim, shaggy little Jim. . . .

Sometime after he went to work in Little Hays Pits, his father took over the Hall Pits. Sam went with him and got another pony, whom he named Bot. The new mines were more modern in their equipment. Instead of being lowered in the loop of a chain, the men went down on a lift. It was precarious enough, to be sure, if anyone moved unnecessarily while the lift was in motion. But it was at least an improvement. Young Sam welcomed it, not knowing at the time that the lift, or "cage," was to bring him closer to death than the chains had done.

The cage operated up and down both shafts of the mine. One shaft was used to pump fresh air to the workers. After they had breathed it, the air found its way out through the up-cast shaft.

More than any other one thing, air means life to the miners. If the supply is cut off, they are gradually smothered. If the supply is not constantly kept fresh, gaseous fumes may gather on the floor of the mine, rise gradually, and strike out insidiously, as did the poison gases in the World War.

In emergencies, these men seldom lost their heads, because, chiefly, most of them were Christians. And "when they gave themselves to Christ," as Sam Cadman said years later, after he had become Dr. Cadman, "they displayed a zeal, an insight into the saving message of their Master by which theological students of our time could greatly profit. From their ranks were recruited the preachers and leaders, Bible School teachers and church officials. From my little church at Lawley Bank, which numbers about one hundred members, about fifteen men have entered the ministry."

One day word came that the air pumps had broken down. That meant but one thing. Every miner underground must get to the cage and be raised to the surface as soon as possible. If there

were any delay, death would be waiting at the foot of the shaft.

They worked calmly, these men underground. There was no crowding when that fateful word came down telling of the failure of the pumps. And it was not until everyone else had gone up that young Sam Cadman stepped to the shaft and signaled for the cage to be lowered. As he waited, he stroked Bot, the pony, and talked to him in a low voice. Ponies never went to the surface at Hall Pits, any more than at Little Hays. Their lives were not valued that highly, and, furthermore, the cage was precarious enough for a man, much less for an animal, who might move with fatal results.

Those on the surface—and among them was the boy's father—waited breathlessly. They had seen death so often that it was almost a commonplace to them; but there is no death more poignantly tragic than that which comes to a man who is trapped. Would young Sam have the strength to get on the platform? Or was he suffocated? They waited. The cage was lowered. There was

an ominous pause. And then, from below, the signal came to haul away!

If the cage was raised more rapidly than usual, it was not because the men on the surface failed to realize that the boy would have a hard time keeping his balance. They simply wanted to get him to the open air as soon as possible.

But even Sam's father gasped with fright when he saw the platform come out of the gloom of the shaft. Sam was not alone. Beside him, his eyes covered by the boy's arm, was Bot. If the little pony had so much as raised a hoof, he and his master might have plunged into the shaft.

"But I had to bring him up," the boy explained while his father tried to catch a full breath. "If he stayed down, he would have smothered, wouldn't he? And," proudly, "I knew he wouldn't move around on the platform. I told him not to. If he can't talk, at least he can understand what I'm saying. . . ."

Thus early did young Cadman learn that in the midst of life we are in death.

III

The Dreamer

A SORDID life? To the unimaginative, perhaps, yes. But not to young Samuel Parkes Cadman. To him, it was a glorious life that he lived in those years of his boyhood. From the stress of his experiences was moulded a character which was, in future years, to gain the admiration and love of countless people. Seeking, week by week, he was finding for himself an indestructible belief in God and in His Son, Jesus Christ.

It was his imagination, exuberant with the first fresh flush of youth, that was responsible, perhaps more than any other one thing, for the fact that he left the coal mines forever when he was twenty-one years old, and went out of Shropshire to an enlarged life of Christian service.

Young Sam Cadman dreamed dreams in those days of his youth: boyhood dreams; dreams that

found beauty in the sullen pit, a fairyland in the Shropshire countryside, a new life between the dusty covers of old books.

One has but to visit a coal mine to understand that it was a staunch imagination, indeed, that discovered attractions in the Little Hays and the Hall Pits. Yet they were there for young Samuel. That dull pounding at the end of the passage was not a miner belaboring a solid wall of coal with his pick. It was Wild Eric and his "old men"—Wild Eric, who, although he lived in the days of William the Conqueror, can not die until all wrong has been righted and England has returned to the same state it was before the coming of the Conqueror. It was Wild Eric, who was imprisoned somewhere ahead there in the solid earth, and whose only moments of freedom came just before England entered a war, when he and his truculent band of followers burst their bonds and rode madly over the Shropshire hills in the direction of the enemies-to-be. And that ugly pile, showing faintly in the gloom, off to the right in one of the passages, was not a heap of slag. It

was a mysterious castle, and its fierce inhabitants were the great, grim, phosphorous-eyed mine-rats, who watched hungrily, as one ate his lunch, and who fought, sometimes to the death, over a crust one threw to them.

Jim, the pony, was a mighty hero who laid down his life for a friend, and Bot was a giant steed, who, if a boy cared to mount him, could carry him, by one surging leap, clear up the five hundred feet of the pit shaft, and, bracing himself on the brink of the pit-head, could leap once again and land the thrilled lad in front of his own back door, three and a half miles away. They did not haul coal, these ponies; they strained at fabulous treasures that naturally looked black in the darkness of the pit, but would shine with dazzling splendor when they reached the sunlight.

And if the boy's imagination ran riot in the dim recesses of the Shropshire coal mines, what magic it must have found in that other, sunlit Shropshire which he saw as he walked, each day, to and from work: the Shropshire that was Wrekin.

He had been born under the shadow of the Wrekin. He had learned, almost before he learned to talk, that it was the tallest hill in all Shropshire and that, from its crest, you could see nearly thirty counties. As every Shropshire childhood is colored by the Wrekin, so was young Samuel Cadman's.

When he was a little fellow, before he went into the mines, he would occasionally find time from his studies and his chores to scramble up the big hill's steep sides. Reaching the crest, where a strong Celtic fortification still exists, he would stop, breathless, and view the magnificent panorama stretched before him. Far to the west, the Welsh mountains rose on the border of the county, cloaked in a blue haze. The south-eastern view gave a smeared picture of the Staffordshire Black Country, with the smoke from Birmingham's hills blurring the horizon. And in between, laid out in miniature at his feet, were Wellington, Lawley Bank, Oakengates, Dawley, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Market Drayton, Wroxeter—all the Shropshire towns that later came to mean so much to him. A magic carpet of a view it was, with

Map reproduced by courtesy of "Christian Herald."

THE COUNTY OF SHROPSHIRE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF S. PARKES CADMAN, IS INDICATED IN GRAY.

tiny horses drawing tiny two-wheeled carts along cobble-stoned streets; old, vine-grown stone houses, nestling in the trees; other houses, designed from plaster and lath; thirty ancient, weather-beaten castles on the Welsh border, always lording it over the villages; brooks and pastures and the silver ribbon of the Severn, shining in the sun; and in every village, the slim, delicate spire or square Norman tower of a church. No wonder that the boy's imagination was fired!

Nor did he stop at dreaming dreams on top of the Wrekin. Impelled by an intellectual curiosity that kept constantly prodding him with questions, he began to read. At first it was only the few treasured books at the Cadman cottage: *Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, The Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers*; Faithful and Greatheart; Wesley, John Fletcher Hurst, Francis Asbury, Henry Martyn, Hedley Vicars, and Charles G. Finney; the magnificent array of men and women of the Bible; with all these he became familiar.

Working in the coal mines did not stop his

reading. Rather, as he grew older, he read more and more. He found the time, largely, by stealing it from the hours that most of his fellows used to sleep. Up at four o'clock in the morning, the mines occupied him until three in the afternoon. He got home at four, slept until six or seven, ate supper, and then read until all hours of the night. It was a stern regimen, but one that prepared him admirably for the years that lay ahead.

Anything in print was grist for his mill. To the home of his father came *The Christian World*, a British religious weekly, and *The Christian Age*, which published reports of the sermons of Beecher, Storrs, Cuyler, and Talmage, the leading Brooklyn ministers of the Day. Young Cadman devoured these. In the neighborhood of Lawley Bank he found a public library, to which he gained access. By the time he was sixteen, he had read every book in it. He learned of Charles Darwin, who was born in Shrewsbury, a few miles from Cadman's own home. Market Drayton, another nearby town, turned out to be the birthplace of Lord Clive, of India. Piers Plowman, the early

English poet, had sung his songs on the hills to the southwest, and these, too, the boy read. He learned that one of his ancestors was another rustic poet, Caedmon. Wroxeter, around whose ruins he had played, and where is found one of the most complete remains of a Roman city in all England, inspired him to study early English history and gave him an appreciation of the old Roman art that had been uncovered there.

And when he had exhausted the neighboring library, having read anything and everything in it, he discovered another, and exhausted that. He read incessantly, voraciously, for the sheer love of reading. Sometimes, in his little, low-ceilinged room with its quaint, bulging, leaded windows, his light would burn until four in the morning, when, closing his book wearily, he would get up, stretch, open a window, fill his lungs with the chill morning air, and then dress for breakfast and for work.

"Yet my love of general literature, which I indulged at any cost," he wrote, years later, "could

not silence the inward voice which bade me surrender myself to the claims of my Lord."

Working in his father's coal mine, dreaming his dreams, reading his books—slowly, day by day, step by step, young Samuel Parkes Cadman was struggling, above all other things, toward an unshakable Christian faith.

IV

The Son of God

IT WAS another Shropshire Sunday. Back of it, for Sam Cadman, lay sixteen years of living. A handful of these—a scant half dozen—had been childhood. Five brief years more had been spent in schooling. For the last five, he had been in the coal mines. Like Mr. Lorry, in *The Tale of Two Cities*, he had been a man of business before he was a man. But it was not until this Shropshire Sunday in his sixteenth year that he was faced, definitely and irrevocably, with his first great choice in life. It was a choice between being a student—and perhaps, in the years to come, a gentleman in the old, social sense of the world—and being a son of God.

On the one hand, he was influenced by his passionate love for reading. Among his boyhood friends were many whose one great ambition was

to give their rustic manners a brushing up, to be socially acceptable, to be men of the world. With these friends it was no more than normal that young Cadman should sympathize. He, too, wanted to brush up his manners as well as his mind.

He was helped in this, after he became a pony boy, by the man who later was Sir John Bayley, founder of Wrekin College, today one of the finest secondary schools in Great Britain. Sir John was an inspiring teacher and he encouraged young Cadman when he came for a few slim months of schooling, eked out of a full life in the mines. Discovering that Cadman wanted to learn to write good English, he taught the boy to work out essays, and had him bring them into class. The essays were read aloud to other students, and criticisms called for. It was an embarrassing method, at first, for the young author, but it was a method that disciplined his style, until, in manhood, he came to express himself with a terseness, a directness, and a vigor that distinguish his work

from that of almost any other modern religious leader.

This desire for learning and for gentility must have had a strong influence on the boy when he came, at sixteen and on a Sunday, to a point where he had to make a choice that would decide, with more or less finality, what kind of a life he wanted to live.

The circumstances that brought about the decision centered on the arrival of Rev. J. Montgomery Pascoe in Dawley. Mr. Pascoe was an evangelist of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He came to Dawley to conduct a series of religious services which, to use the English equivalent for the American word "revival," were called a "mission."

At first young Cadman was reluctant to attend these services. But he was constantly reminded that they were going on. His friends and acquaintances attended from time to time. The Cadman home was a rendezvous for neighboring clergy, and here they had been in the habit of coming long before Mr. Pascoe's stay in the vil-

lage, to talk over theological doctrines, spiritual problems, and the progress of religion in the nation and the world. A warm current of Christ-like love ran through these gatherings that could not but be apparent to the sensitive boy who, often, was permitted to attend them as a listener.

At last, he decided to go to one of the meetings.

"The fear that I should publicly commit myself to Christ, only to find that I was too wavering to sustain my confession, was," he said long afterwards, "perhaps the principal reason that I had not gone before. But the sense of my spiritual poverty, and the curiosity that the preacher had aroused in me, prevailed over my qualms and fears." In addition to this, the life that the boy's father led, often wearing his "Sunday blacks" until almost dawn on Monday morning, in his serving for the Lord, must have had a strong part in inspiring the son to action.

All the neighboring countryside turned out to hear Pascoe. It was the day before men had begun to center their interest elsewhere than in the church. Even the bicycle craze, which swept Eng-

land in the '80's of the past century, was a thing of the future. It may be overstatement to say that people were more religious in those days; but it is undoubtedly true, especially in remote rural communities, that the life centered more around the church than it does today. The little Dawley church was filled to overflowing long before Mr. Pascoe's services began, and the audience made the welkin ring with hymns.

What old song could it have been? Was the hymn carried out across the Shropshire hills that night *Rock of Ages*, or could it have been *Abide With Me*? Undoubtedly, it was a hymn like one of these, and was followed by a ringing passage from the New Testament, around which the sermon was built.

And then, after the sermon, the visiting evangelist, in kind, familiar words, asked if there was anyone in the crowded church who wished to accept Christ as Lord. One by one they came forward. There was an old, toil-hardened man, who looked as though he might have been a heavy drinker, and who stumbled toward the pulpit with

tears streaming down his cheeks. There was a handful of children, naïve, their eyes filled with wonder; and a man and his wife, humble peasants from the country. Then, his great, man-size shoulders straight and his head thrown back, came Samuel Parkes Cadman.

"I walked down the aisle in the presence of hundreds who had known me since childhood. I knelt in humble confession and gave myself to Him. The choir sang of his changeless mercy and plenteous redemption. A holy man whom I loved and revered offered a prayer in my behalf. My heart melted in a deep and passionate resolve, uncolored by hectic emotion, but stamped with reality. I had glimpsed my Saviour, I felt I trusted Him for this world and the next. The assurance was mine that God for Christ's sake had taken away my sins—even mine—and that I was an adopted child of the All-Father.

"No words I can write can describe that transformation. Though I had been one crust of wickedness from scalp to heel, here was the Divine deliverance of which I had so often heard, but

had not consciously felt. I was no longer compelled to rest my case as a believer upon human authority, however venerable. My belief in the Bible, the Church, and her communion of saints was only an indirect witness to this over-mastering belief in him who loved me and gave himself for me.

"My conversion has been the basic ground of my ministry for the past forty-five years. I have never felt during these years that religion may be minimized into a mere scheme of probabilities. I have been able to say with truth and sincerity: 'Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him for ourselves, and know that this is, indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.'

"The chronic irritation of my teens had vanished. Young as I was, I passed into another state of being. Its plenitudes of restoring grace were mine, provided I remained an obedient and willing freeman of my Lord. Neither life nor death could take one jot of the Gospels' meaning from my soul.

"Probably this regeneration, apparently spontaneous, was the outgrowth of all I had hitherto been and known. My father's sermons, my Bible School teacher's prayers, the Bible I had grown to love, the books I had read, entered into that fateful hour of sacramental remembrance.

"Since that night, which was a glad daybreak for me, I have never faltered in my belief that Christ has power on earth to forgive sins, to purify lives, to enable the weak, to succor the perishing, and to bestow eternal life on whomsoever believes upon him.

"That is my experience, which I have been loth to relate, because it is enshrined in an aura of God's mercy and grace which shines in the depths of my soul.

"It is not an extraordinary experience. Countless men and women have known and embodied it as I have not done. But it is the lamp within the soul's sanctuary, and I pray that it may shine till the perfect day shall dawn, and the shadows flee away."

V

Young Lochinvar

THE five years that lie ahead are years of magnificent adventure, of inspired advance toward a destined multitude of goals. S. Parkes Cadman, in later life, will look back on them as the happiest that he ever lived.

The new convert was not satisfied merely with professing his faith. He wanted to express that faith in action. In planning that action, he set before himself half a dozen objectives. He was going to make himself so good a Christian that he would be licensed as a lay preacher. He was going to be such a good lay preacher that the Quarterly Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain and Ireland would propose him as a candidate for the regular ministry. He was going to pass the examinations given by the District Synod in Birmingham. He was going

to attract the attention of the examiners there and be proposed and passed by them. And then (with all these incidental matters out of the way!) he was going down to London and enter the competition for an entrance to Richmond College, now of London University. The competition called for oral and written examinations in English, mathematics, history, theology, knowledge of the Bible, and divers other subjects, plus two original sermons, one of which had to be delivered before the examining board. Most of the men trying for the scholarship would be college graduates. But he did not mind that. He was going down to London and win out in the competition!

Off-hand, one would not call this an easy program, especially for a young coal miner, practically unschooled, and with only odd hours in which to study. But he didn't mind that either. No coal miner had ever called Samuel a "young layabed," and he had no intention of giving any of them the opportunity. He faced the hardships, the grinding work, the inevitable disappointments of the road ahead with a high heart and strong.

Success was not something that came to this boy of the Shropshire coal fields on a silver platter; he resolved, forthwith, to wrest it from his environment with strong hands and a determined, well-disciplined mind.

The revival services of Mr. Pascoe, at which young Cadman had professed his faith, were held in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Dawley, located a short distance from Cadman's home. But after the revivals were over, he affiliated himself with the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Lawley Bank. This house of worship was about half a mile away from the Dawley Church, and was situated on a bluff overlooking a peaceful valley, with the great bulk of the Wrekin filling the background. Young Cadman came to it because he had many friends there—Charles Worsey and his brother, Harry, Walter Reynolds, Will Gough, all strongly religious young men, who had looked to him for leadership; he was a born leader. And if he became more attached to the little church as the months rolled by, it is entirely possible that a certain fair-haired girl in the congregation named

Esther Lillian Wooding had something to do with it. But that was later. Enough for the present to say that Sam Cadman and Esther Lillian Wooding became good friends through their joint activities in the church.

Not long ago a story appeared in the newspapers about a church in the valley by the wildwood; the shrine that inspired "The Little Brown Church In the Vale." It is located in northeastern Iowa, in the valley of the Red Cedar. Sheltered by giant pines, the worn little edifice has become a symbol of all the little churches that dot rural communities the world over; little churches where, each Sunday and each Wednesday night, folk have come to worship, to pray, and to sing. All Americans know these churches; many were brought up in them; many others still turn to them for rest and guidance.

All of us know, too, of their congregations. Humble people, old, middle-aged, and young. Kindly people, who greet a stranger with quiet cordiality and invite him to their homes after the services. Sacrificing people: many of them giving

the long years of a life-time to helping others, without asking anything for themselves. Home-loving people, who have guided youth to great achievements while they themselves grew old, have been satisfied to sit peacefully in the twi-light, and thank God that the new generation will never know the hardships that were theirs. Church people.

Picture a group of these folk, kneeling within the walls of a little church like the one in the wild-wood, their bowed heads just touching the straight board backs of the pews in front of them. There is gray hair showing in the third row from the back, the hair of the oldest member of the con-gregation. If you knew her, you would know that locks of her hair were treasured by three young men, all in distant lands—young men who are her sons. Behind her is a pew that looks, at a glance, almost vacant. Only one head shows, strong and manly, above the top of the pew. But there are others, five of them—little motherless sons and daughters, who, from under drooping lashes, look with the curious awe of childhood at the peaceful,

worshiping face of their father. The little church is filled with devout people, old and young.

And one pew is filled to overflowing. In it are four young men and three girls. They are squeezed, shoulder to shoulder, between an elderly man and woman. The woman's hair is almost white and her shoulders are stooped by long hours of housework and of caring for children. The man, too, is gray, and his huge shoulders are so broad that they overflow the pew and bulge a few inches into the aisle. His shoulders are rising and falling in great swells, as if he were breathing heavily.

Down the aisle, behind a simple pulpit, stands the preacher. His head, too, is bowed, and praying, his hands grip the Bible in front of him as if, from it, he is gaining inspiration for his prayer. He is a magnificent specimen of a man, this preacher. Nearly six feet tall, he has broad shoulders, slightly stooped, as if their time had been spent partly in vigorous labor, partly in hunching over books. His body, straight and strong, looks as firm as a rock. On top of a pillar-like neck sits

a great, shaggy head, a head that, unlike the body, reveals the minister to be almost as much a boy as he is a man. And his voice, as he prays, is like the caress of the wind in the trees.

It is not until he reaches his sermon that you get the full force of that voice. There is thunder in it, and conviction, and an infinite kindliness. And it is backed up by most straightforward, candid, sympathetic blue eyes.

There is a buzz of congratulation after the services. The entire congregation gather around the preacher, shake his hand, smile, and say a few simple, heart-felt words. In the background, the man of the huge shoulders, with his wife by his side, looks on proudly, as do the seven others who occupied the crowded pew. They are proud of the minister.

As for the minister himself, he smiles and tries to shake hands in a professional manner. Only once does he seem self-conscious, when a girl, fair-haired, comes forward, blushing, and congratulates him. Then, he, too, blushes, while the old

folk in the background look at each other significantly and the young folk grin.

He comes to them last.

"How was it, father?" he asks breathlessly.

"Very good, son," the old man replies, trying to keep the tremor out of his voice. "You have a lot to learn. But—it was very good."

The preacher of the evening sighs, as if this were the only commendation that counted.

Samuel Parkes Cadman has preached his first sermon.

This was when he was seventeen. For a year—since the day of his profession of faith—he had worked with stubborn pertinacity toward that sermon. With Charles Worsey, Walter Reynolds and the rest, he had thrown himself into church activities. He had studied till all hours of the night. He had practiced delivering speeches, under the direction of his father. Then, more study, more work, more practice; plus the usual long hours in the mines, plus prayer and worship and a strengthened conviction, plus more study, more work,

more practice; until he sometimes became so tired that he wondered if he would ever achieve the first of his goals, much less the others.

But always he found new energy to push on, energy that came from his new-found faith. His years of reading and his memory—which is, to this very day, a phenomenal thing—also stood him in good stead. His conviction of the power of the Master added fuel to the flame of his young genius. The sermon, with all these things behind it, was, in spite of the father's slow enthusiasm, a success.

Others followed. With more or less regularity, Samuel Cadman preached at one little church after another during the next year. Each of the fifteen little Methodist congregations in the communities around Lawley Bank and Wellington began to look forward to hearing this boy preacher. Soon the sanctuaries were crowded to the doors when he spoke. People began to recognize that he had a message and a real ability to present it. Discerning men in the communities, some of them with a little better education than the average, began to

see great promise in this youth and to recognize that his sermons were remarkably thoughtful and strong.

For a year he preached at every opportunity, working indefatigably at every sermon; and at the same time, he kept up his reading and his church activities.

A year is a long time for youth, two years are an age. But they passed rapidly, in spite of the slow pace of the days. At their end, in his twentieth year, Samuel Parkes Cadman took a position that put him shoulder-to-shoulder with his father. Dressed in his "Sunday blacks" and before the congregation of the Lawley Bank church, he received his license as a lay preacher. A coal miner without formal education, he had reached the first goal of the many he had set out to win. He turned his face longingly toward Birmingham.

Birmingham is the city which makes a smother of smoke on the horizon of a clear day, when one looks to the south from the top of Wrekin. It is the capitol of the Midlands. More important to the striving lay minister of twenty, it is the place

where are held the examinations given by the District Conference to prospective Methodist ministers. Young Cadman wanted to take that examination. But he knew that, first, someone must propose him as a candidate for the ministry.

He did not seek the thing which in America is called "political pull." He did not strive for sensational effect in his sermons. He did none of these things. He worked. He worked in the mines. He worked, on coming home, over his books. Everything that he could lay his hands on, he read. And on Sunday, with the great devotion that marked the ministry of his father, he worked for God.

Eighteen, nineteen, twenty. Three more years of intensive living, determined striving, unrelenting toil. And then—twenty-one.

It was during the year that the boy became a man that his opportunity, at long last, came to him. Among the discerning people who had been watching him was the Rev. W. S. Bestall. As Cadman gradually matured his platform style, and, like another, increased in wisdom, in stature, and

in favor with God and man, Mr. Bestall watched more closely. When Cadman reached his twenty-first year, the watcher decided that the time was ripe. He proposed the young man as a candidate for the ministry of John Wesley's great church. The road to Birmingham was open—and beyond, perhaps, Sam Cadman would find the road to London!

That recommendation to the District Synod by Mr. Bestall meant a multitude of things to the young lay minister of Shropshire. At its worst, it was a golden opportunity. At its best, it meant leaving the Shropshire country for England's halls of learning. It meant leisure for study and meditation.

With the optimism of youth, Cadman looked on the event from the brightest possible side. On the day he was nominated, he worked, as usual, in the mines. But when he came to the surface at three o'clock he brought all his tools with him. Throwing them down at the pit head, he straightened his shoulders and turned to his father.

"I will never go into the mines again!" he said.

The older man, knowing the hard competition that lay ahead, along the road to Birmingham and London, smiled quietly and offered up a silent prayer. God grant that the boy would never have to break his resolution!

Birmingham was then the colossal monument of the English Black Country. By day it was clouded in sooty mists from its steel mills; and by night its curtained sky was made lurid by the glare of the fires of industry. Dickens pictured it in *The Old Curiosity Shop.* To him the Black Country was a monster, a beast-like Inferno, grinding the bodies and souls of men under the wheels of profit. Not at all like the quiet country that was Shropshire, where little Nell died.

Another thing served, momentarily, to take the candidate's breath away. He was caught off his guard by the great industrial city. He was also a little awed by his examiner. The man whom Cadman had to face was Frederick W. MacDonald, M. A.—and the degree means far more in English than in American educational circles. Besides, Mr. MacDonald was the uncle of a young writer who

was just at the beginning of his career—Rudyard Kipling.

Young Cadman, for a short time before he took the examination, felt a wave of uncertainty sweep over him. But he caught himself up short. His wide reading, his faith, the long hours that he had spent profitably studying—all these sustained him as they had when he delivered his first sermon.

The examination was oral. After the first few questions, Cadman answered without hesitation, his straightforward eyes looking with candid simplicity into those of his questioner. When the interview had ended, the candidate went away, a little shaken, but confident that he had done his best. Whether he had passed or not, he was not experienced enough in such academic tests to know. He waited impatiently for word from Mr. MacDonald.

At last word came. He had passed! The road was open to London! Only one more barrier remained between him and a scholarship at Richmond College. Richmond College! London! The

young man from Shropshire turned his face toward the southeast with high heart.

To London, one day in the early summer of 1886, there came a number of young men. Most of them were smartly dressed, and many had new bags. Some were obviously from one or another of the secondary schools for which England is famous. Others were, just as obviously, collegiate. They disembarked, by ones or twos, from trains at Charing Cross, at St. Pancras, at Paddington, at Victoria, at any one of the multitude of railway stations that dot the huge city, the largest in the world. Not a few of them knew London from former visits, and went toward their destination without asking for directions.

One of them, particularly, seemed to know exactly what to do, where to go, what omnibus to take. And this in spite of his rather provincial clothes and manner and his obviously ancient carpetbag. Not that he didn't look on everything with great interest as it loomed up before him. He missed nothing. But he seemed to know, in spite of the naïveté of his curiosity, exactly where to look

to find the historical landmarks of the city. Had he not been so young, you might have mistaken him for some wanderer who had come back to well-known scenes, after long years of living in a distant land.

Actually, he was looking on London for the first time in his life. But he knew it, knew it thoroughly. It was a familiar place to him, and one that he had wanted for many years to visit. The reason his knowledge was so perfect was that he was an exhaustive reader when he found a subject that interested him. London had interested him. And therefore, Samuel Parkes Cadman had read of it since he was a boy, with the thoroughness with which he read everything.

He saw London for the first time with a stranger's eyes but with the mind of an old acquaintance. Years later, when he knew it by sight and by knowledge, he was to deliver one of his most famous lectures on it, under the title, "The Modern Babylon."

He knew that near the place of his examination was old Richmond Palace, and that it was not a

long walk from there to a multitude of historical landmarks. If he was successful, he would be able to visit all these places. His heart beat fast at the thought of his approaching ordeal. Years of work were behind this trip of his to London. But would it end in failure? What of the men with whom he was going to compete? Would they, with their formal education, be able to outdistance him? Would they know more than he did of the mathematics, English, history, and theology that would be included in the examination? Would they have written a better sermon and would their oral sermon be more acceptably presented than his? He could not know.

He forgot all about his uncertainty and his doubts when the examinations came, in a staggering flood. Here was something that he could understand and cope with. Work! Had he not worked almost since he was old enough to know the meaning of the word? Work! Grinding hours of it, as examination followed examination. Work that Cadman attacked with all the faculties at his command. He felt no fatigue; his only feeling

was one of sureness that he was, at least in this, equal to these other young men who were his competitors, regardless of the fact that they were college and secondary school men.

This sureness stayed with him when he delivered his examination sermon and took his oral tests.

It was all over. Alone, he rode to Trafalgar Square, walked down past the Albert Memorial, on the edge of Kensington Gardens, and then turned eastward toward Hyde Park. On the Serpentine, boats drifted slowly under the lazy guidance of their occupants. He looked to the right at the stately walls of Buckingham Palace. Walking on, he found himself in the midst of Mayfair, one of the wealthy, sophisticated West End suburbs. And then, before he realized it, he was in St. James Park, beyond it, doubling back by the House of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. The Thames runs almost north and south just above Westminster, and Cadman stood almost in its shadow and looked westward, up the river. Beyond the water, stretched before him, lay a great expanse of the city. He did not see it. He was

looking still farther, beyond the city, thirty miles or more to the southward. In his mind's eye he pictured Richmond Hill, where is located Richmond College of the University of London. And, picturing it, he threw back his shoulders and smiled boyishly.

That afternoon the board of examiners had told him that he had won out in the competition —with honors. The entrance was his! Three years of college education lay ahead of him!

VI

Westward

GIVE a young man with a fine mind and unlimited energy three years in which to do things—and things will be done. . . .

Richmond College is on a hill. Everyone has heard of that hill; around a fireplace, perhaps on some cold winter evening, most of us have sung of it. "The Lass of Richmond Hill" is part of the English language and of English song. There is no more beautiful spot in England. From the hill, and through the spreading branches of splendid trees, one catches a glimpse of the Thames, sparkling in the sun; and sees the magnificent expanse of Richmond Park, as verdant and untouched as it was in the time of the Stuarts. In the distance, like a monument to England's history, the stately towers of Windsor Castle stand out above the surrounding countryside.

The scene had a two-fold charm for Cadman. Its beauty held him as in a dream; and its history, a history that he had gathered, bit by bit, from those tattered books back in Shropshire, helped him to look on it with twice-seeing eyes. He had read of it in Sir Walter Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian.* As he walked near Richmond Park, he saw again the austere figure of the Duke of Argyle, and beside it the strong, womanly Jeanie Deans—Jeanie, whose plea for her sister's life was finally granted. With an equal thrill, he discovered Twickenham Villa, where Alexander Pope had once lived and where he had written many of his poems. Horace Walpole's home was also near by. It was but a short walk to Hampden Court, where Cardinal Wolsey had held forth in great pomp and circumstance. Occasionally—most significant sight of all—the young minister caught a glimpse of Princess Mary—Queen Mary-to-be—a girl of sixteen, riding in the Park with her hair streaming in the wind.

For two days he explored until his curiosity was satisfied. Then time began to hang heavily on his

hands and he found his mind turning back toward the country of his birth—the Shropshire country in which he had lived all of his life. Registration formalities, locating and moving into a room, a hundred and one details, occupied some of his time. But not all. He had not yet had sufficient opportunity to make friends, either with the faculty or among the students. The new scenes and the new life kept him, for once, from concentrated activity with his books. At the time he did not know it; but those few days before his studies began were the last that he was to have for leisure for years to come. Yet he was not one to cherish leisure. His was too tough a fibre to squander time. He knew, too well, its value. And, finding leisure, he was unhappy. Besides, he was, plainly, homesick.

He longed for the brusque greeting of his Shropshire people and for their familiar dialect: "Naw, Ah nivir 'eerd tell as anny think 'ad bin sin o' leate 'eers, but theer *was* a ghostie seed theer wonst. It was a good bit agooo, afore moi toime. Ah darsee . . ."

Sam Cadman longed to bask in the enfolding warmth of the fireside in his father's cottage; he longed for the comradeship of his friends; for the little Shropshire churches; for his father's kindly words and his pastor's helping hand on his shoulder.

There was also Miss Lillian Esther Wooding. He wrote to her regularly, as he had written since the day he left Lawley Bank. They had come to see more and more of each other during those last years in Shropshire, and it was she who, timidly, presented him with his first gift on his twenty-first birthday. Their comradeship had grown as their ties with the church and its work grew, and, when he found himself in Richmond, young Cadman also found that he was missing her more, perhaps, than he had expected. He discovered that he wanted to talk with her about the college and the campus and the surrounding country even more than he wanted to talk with anybody else.

It took him a long week to get over it. Perhaps it would be better to say that he never entirely got over it all the days he was at Richmond. Letters

addressed to Miss Esther Wooding, and postmarked Richmond, arrived in Shropshire regularly; and the return post brought others, addressed in a feminine hand, to one Samuel Parkes Cadman.

Then—studies. With the opening of the term, everything but his books took a secondary place in young Cadman's mind. Homesickness was lost under the pressure of a fierce application. It was slow going in the beginning. But it was the kind of going to which Cadman was accustomed. It meant work. Work was his old friend. He welcomed it and gave his whole energy to it.

The coal mines no longer stood in his way. He was, at last, free to go to his books unhindered. A rapid reader, his voracious appetite for learning found plenty of room for expansion with the College's great library at his command. He studied with the unrelenting intensity of one who had known what it was not to have time for study.

"Nothing can exaggerate the importance that I attach to a college education," he has said. "I believe that if a man knows how to take advantage

of his opportunities, he will benefit immeasurably." Years later, when he had achieved fame, he put these words into action, time and again, by returning, sometimes over a distance of thousands of miles, to visit his old professors and tell them again of his undying gratitude.

Among his professors were such men as the Rev. Dr. William T. Davison, the Rev. Dr. J. G. Tasker and Dr. Joseph Agar Beet, exegete and commentator, author of several works on *St. Paul.* All were leaders in Cadman's denomination, and all recognized the young student's possibilities. It was Dr. Beet who said, a few years before he died: "Without doubt, of all the men who studied under me during my long service at Richmond College, S. Parkes Cadman showed the most promise."

Nor did Cadman, the student, neglect his preaching for his books. As is the case in American seminaries, undergraduates at Richmond were called on from time to time to fill pulpits, sometimes fifty miles distant. Often, these vacancies occurred in some of the largest Methodist churches

in England. Opportunities to fill such vacancies came through the governor of the College, and from him, after he had gotten his studies in hand, young Cadman received his assignments. After a short period, he was given one to a London church, where the regular minister was ill.

The youth approached his task with some misgivings. Unnumbered times he had given his message to the humble folk of Shropshire. But here he was faced with a different class of Christians, better educated, perhaps more critical, and used to the sermons of an experienced preacher. Could he speak to them with the same conviction that he spoke to his own people?

He knew, after the first few minutes of the service, that he could. He knew that his message was real to him under any conditions, regardless of congregations. And he realized that these people were just as anxious to hear it as the Shropshire folk had been. This first service was not only a success, it created such a favorable impression that, not long afterwards, he was asked back. And the members of the congregation began to sing

his praises to other neighboring congregations. Before he had finished three years of study, young Cadman was in demand to fill important calls for preaching.

And then, in October, 1888, before he had finished his college education, he went back to Shropshire and married Lillian Esther Wooding. In the years to come, she was to prove so loyal and valuable a help-mate that leaders in the United States and in England were to point to her as the greatest factor in her husband's success. Comparatively little has been said of her so far in this account of Dr. Cadman's life; little will be said of her in the pages that are to come. Without fanfares, and with unlimited sacrifice, she has given her life to the service of her husband, her family, and her God.

When this story was in preparation she requested that the privacy of the Cadman family circle should not be violated. In respecting the request, she is given a very minor part in this account. Which does not imply in the least that her task was a small one. She has worked side by side

with Dr. Cadman in every pastorate that he has held, including his radio ministry.

They were a courageous, pioneering couple, these young Cadmans. Years later, Dr. Cadman said: "The man who gets married on nothing but his good health and a clean conscience, with a wife who is a suitable match, has got a rare endowment. That is how I got married, except that I had three hundred dollars of college debts, all of which I was able to owe!"

And, just to set a goal for themselves, the young couple decided to start out their life together in America! He was to go first, and get settled. Then he would send for Mrs. Cadman. All this to be done, if God so willed it, with the strength that He alone could supply.

It was, however, more than a spur-of-the-moment decision, this plan to go to America. Cadman had always been attracted to American history, and had read it constantly all during his youth. Many of the members of his mother's family were in this country. His father-in-law had friends here, too. And, also—indicating his limit-

less optimism—Bishop John Fletcher Hurst, of the American Methodist Church, had said to young Cadman: "If you ever come to America I will get you a church." Of such stuff the dreams of youth are made.

So it was that Samuel Parkes Cadman came to America.

In October, 1890, New York City basked in the slanting rays of Indian Summer sunlight. The mushroom growth of skyscrapers had already begun, under the leadership of Joseph Pulitzer, whose World Building, nearing completion, and topped by a huge gold-leafed ball, was soon to be the outstanding landmark of the city's skyline. Another landmark, four years old, stood out above the mists of the harbor. It was the new Statue of Liberty, a recent gift from France.

Had you been on a boat in the harbor on that day, the roar of the city would have come to you as a symbol of America's industry; New York, like the nation of which it was the financial capital, was growing lustily.

In Washington, where Benjamin Harrison was serving as President of the United States, laws were being passed to stamp out the Louisiana Lottery. In the West, railroads had opened up a new continent. North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, had only recently been added to the Union. The country was a paradise for young men who loved work.

S. Parkes Cadman was one of these. But he wasn't so sure where the work was to be found. He had just landed from England. He had a little —a very little—money in his pocket. With one exception, he knew hardly anyone in the whole United States. Surely he knew no one to whom he might turn as an old friend. Yet he needed work badly, and longed for it with the longing of a man who cannot bear to be idle, who hardly knows the meaning of idleness. He needed work, most specifically, because behind him, in Shropshire, England, he had left a wife.

It had been almost four years ago to the day that he had gone down to Richmond, in Surrey, more than ready to throw himself, heart and soul,

into the thrilling task of getting learning, and more learning, and still more learning. Now, having burned his bridges behind him, he was standing at the threshold of a new and strange land, with little more than meal-money in his pocket, plus a few clothes, plus—most valuable—a few books.

But it was not in him to falter, or hesitate. He went straight to Dr. Richard H. Travis, his first presiding elder, who has always been his generous friend. The thought that there would be no work for him in this country he kept stubbornly out of mind. There simply had to be work. He simply had to have a church. That was all there was to it.

And, as he had gained success in Shropshire and become a lay preacher; as, later, he had passed his examinations and gotten a scholarship; as he had become an honor student, so, now, he found work.

Dr. Travis was able to help him there. Although Cadman landed in the United States in the middle of the Conference year, there was a pulpit vacant, owing to the illness of its minister. The

charge was not the best to be had, Dr. Travis explained. The congregation was small, and had dwindled of late years. The church was badly in need of repairs. The minister's salary was only six hundred dollars a year—provided he could collect it from his flock. Worst of all—and here the new minister's heart fell at the thought of his young wife, waiting in England for word from him—worst of all, there was no parsonage.

But he was discouraged only momentarily. He thanked God for this opportunity to serve, squared his shoulders at the thought of the work ahead, and spent almost his last cent to get to his newly acquired church. On the train, he could not down a feeling of unbounded optimism; and in his heart he was profoundly thankful. He smiled when he thought of the letter he would write to England that night. What a letter it was going to be! He smiled again. He knew what he would do. He would sign it with a great flourish. And the signature would read: "The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, pastor, Millbrook Methodist Episcopal Church, Millbrook, New York."

VII

Millbrook

THE REV. MR. CADMAN discovered that conditions in Millbrook were much as Dr. Travis had said they would be. He also made other discoveries. These—a strange miscellany—included such totally unrelated things as a practically deserted church; a number of peculiar American customs; a kindly, middle-aged, sympathetic churchwoman; a friendly dog and a quite-otherwise horse; an innkeeper who sold liquor to farmers, and taught them to gamble away their hard-earned savings; a rather astounding collection of turkeys; a love for America and Americans; and a home.

Millbrook is a lovely village in Dutchess County, New York, sixteen miles back from the Hudson River, tucked away among the hills that Washington Irving made famous in his stories. At that time it had hardly more than a thousand

inhabitants. It is partly a farming community, partly a favorite haunt of tired city folk, who come to it summer after summer, cherish it for its peace and its beauty, and some of whom have lived there for generations. The artisans and farmers of the neighborhood made up the new minister's flock; and summer visitors were to pave the way for him to a larger field of Christian service.

When he arrived, he was immediately attracted by the quiet of the place, and its sylvan beauty. He loved the country. He had always loved it. The trim, white frame houses; the great trees, resplendent in the glory of fall coloring; the open fields and the farm lands, dotted with rough cornstalk cones and golden pumpkins—all these things rested his eyes and brought peace to his soul.

He went directly from the little, short-line train to the home of a Miss Helen Boyce, the kindly, sympathetic churchwoman. "But for Helen Boyce," he said, afterward, "the Millbrook Methodist church would have gone out of existence before I got to America. She was a loyal, helpful, devout Christian until the day she died."

She made him feel at home immediately, and it was at her home that he boarded for part of the first year he was in Millbrook. For her kindness and that of Dr. Travis to him when he was a stranger in a foreign land, Dr. Cadman has always been warmly grateful.

But even Miss Boyce did not become used to the new minister's customs overnight. His clothes were so "different," and his Shropshire accent seemed as strange to her as it did to all the little congregation when they became acquainted with him. Too, he did things which the farmers regarded as queer, before he became accustomed to the habits of his adopted country. There is a story about his first night at the Boyce house. After he was shown to his room and before he had retired, he carefully placed his shoes outside the door. Like a true Englishman, he thought that the shoes would be taken up and polished by some servant in the house during the night. That was the way things were done in prosperous houses in England. He did not know that servants in the United States were a luxury: that almost every-

one was too busy building up the country to have time or money to afford them.

Someone in the house rose before the new minister did the next morning and noted, with surprise, the shoes outside the stranger's door. At breakfast, with diplomacy, it was asked why they had been put in the hall. The preacher, in his clipped English, explained that he had wanted them shined! There was an embarrassing pause. Then someone at the breakfast table chuckled. It was the new minister!

"I've got a lot to learn about America, haven't I?" he asked.

The tension was relieved. Everyone laughed. By the time the meal was over, the Boyces had decided that the new minister was a fine, Christian man. That morning they spread the news to other homes in the community. "Dominie" Cadman had a foothold in the new land.

He did not pay any visits to his congregation that first morning in Millbrook. Instead, he went to look over his church. Securing the keys from Miss Boyce, he went alone. It was a small frame

building on a brick foundation, with a peaked roof and, over the front entrance, a modest steeple. Surrounded by a few elm trees on a small hill a short distance from the road, the tiny edifice looked rather deserted and woe-begone.

The minister let himself in. He shivered in the dank chillness of the auditorium. He walked down the aisle to the pulpit, bent in prayer, and dedicated himself to his work.

Samuel Cadman went no farther in his tour of inspection. He did a right-about-face, marched out into the brisk fall air, locked the church door, and walking rapidly, hurried back to the home of Miss Boyce, and there made the acquaintance of John Palmatier, the church janitor, now long since deceased.

He enjoyed his first Sunday service with these humble people. There were not many of them who came to that opening service of a new ministry, perhaps because most of the congregation had become disinterested, perhaps because many others did not take much stock in a preacher who had come from a foreign country, bringing with

him foreign ways. Mr. Cadman clearly understood how they felt. But he understood with equal clearness that they were hungry for the Word and for spiritual leadership. He realized that, after all, they were very much of a pattern with his own folk back in Shropshire. So he talked to these Americans as he had talked to those Britons. He gave to them all the conviction, the fervor, the high religious principles that he had stored up since he was a boy. And as his heart became fired with the spirit of his message, the hearts of those in the little audience became fired, too.

Those humbles fires still burned after the services were over and the congregation gone home. During the following week, farmers paused in their work to talk of this new minister that had come among them, and farmer's wives who had attended the first service told others about it. On the next Sunday, the little audience had increased in size by more than a dozen souls. By the time Thanksgiving rolled around, a few people were forced to stand through the services. The officers of the church, roused out of a lethargy born of

lack of leadership, secured folding chairs to take care of the overflow. These proved adequate until spring. But with the opening up of the roads after the spring thaw, more and more people came, in buggies and surreys, flocking from miles around to hear the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. Only that was not what they called him. They called him "Dominie" just as the Dutch settlers had done from the first.

Three miles away, at Verbank, New York, was another Methodist church, and the new preacher took charge of it as well as of the one at Millbrook. Between these two places he worked constantly and without tiring.

Spring brought with it the discussion of planting and crops and soil—all-engrossing topics to the men of Millbrook and Verbank. (Topics, incidentally, that the young preacher knew nothing whatever about.) At first, he approached the subjects in question with much hesitation, doing more listening than talking. Gradually he gained a small knowledge of farming. Little by little he picked up the farmer's lingo. By mid-summer he

could rattle along with the best of them about seeds, soils, fertilizers, crops, cattle, and horses. One might have mistaken him for an Iowan, born and bred. The farmers began to look on him as an understanding friend.

Once their confidence was gained, he talked of other things: of the religion of Jesus Christ, of his saving power, and of the happiness of a Christian life. And finally he broached still another subject, very close to his heart.

During all those early months of his ministry he had not for a moment forgotten that there was a girl in Shropshire waiting for word from him, word that would tell her a home was waiting for her in the new country. He wrote constantly, and he laid plans. Having become thoroughly acquainted with every member of his congregation, he drew up a paper and acquired the habit of carrying it with him constantly. Whenever he met a church member who could afford to give some money to a good cause, Mr. Cadman, after preliminary conversation about the crops was finished, produced this paper and made a few pointed

remarks about the value of a parsonage to both the preacher and his congregation. The remarks concluded, he asked the church member to write his name on the paper and, opposite it, the amount he would subscribe to a new parsonage.

The remarks have not been recorded. But they must have been most convincing. In time, enough had been subscribed to assure the immediate construction of the new home. Only one thing stood in the way. There was not enough money to pay for all the labor necessary in the construction of the building. But that, after all, was no obstacle worth mentioning. The minister had once been a coal miner; for years he had worked with his hands; he had proved that he could hold his own with the best of them. Ergo, he would be a builder. And build he did. Busy as he was ministering to his flock and keeping up with his reading—he never neglected his books—he found time, early in the morning and after dinner at night, to help on the new house. Further, he found time to write a very important letter to England. Mrs. Cadman

arrived in the early fall to make the new house a home.

She found her husband the pastor of two fine congregations, each of which packed the little churches at Millbrook and Verbank whenever he held services. Both churches were in good repair. Many people, under the guidance of their minister, had found their way to the Christian life. As her husband was a leader of men, so was she a leader of women. She went to work at his side with a will.

Thanksgiving for the Cadmans that year, like Thanksgiving for the Pilgrims long years before, was a day of great rejoicing. Reunited, overflowing with the pleasure they got from working together for the Master, comfortable in spite of the fact that they had to be frugal to keep within the six hundred dollar salary, they understood the day in its full meaning and were thankful from the bottoms of their hearts. They could not imagine anything that they could want.

But some of the friends of the Methodist Episcopal churches in Millbrook and Verbank, sepa-

rately and without consulting among themselves, imagined something that would make the holiday even more happy for the young couple. On the morning of the day before Thanksgiving, one of these faithful souls drove up in front of the new parsonage, climbed out of his buggy, and, from the back of it, produced a large package which he took to the back door.

The Dominie answered the knock.

"Here's a turkey for tomorrow," said the friend, holding out the package. Before the Dominie could stammer out his thanks, the deacon was gone.

With sparkling eyes, the minister and his wife took the big bird to the cellar and hung it up. Time enough in the afternoon to dress it and prepare it for tomorrow's feast. Meanwhile there was housework to do and a sermon to prepare.

But about noon there was another interruption. When the preacher answered the door he was greeted by a second friend with a second package which turned out to be another turkey. The young minister started to say something, thought better

of it, and again stammered out his thanks. Again, this time with mock solemnity, he took his prize to the cellar and hung it up.

Twice during the afternoon the performance was repeated, the only variation coming with the arrival of the fourth friend, who brought his bird "on the hoof." Each time the young minister, without the hint of a smile, thanked the donor of the Thanksgiving dinner most heartily, and made no mention of the previous gifts.

At dusk, however, he held a quiet conference in the kitchen of the parsonage, where Mrs. Cadman was busily preparing one of the gifts. After the conference was over, he put on his coat and hat and disappeared. He was gone for more than an hour. When he came back, the faces of husband and wife soon were wreathed in smiles; and when the Cadmans smiled, the sight of it was enough to brighten half a dozen days in a row.

The next morning, after the services, they sat down to a turkey dinner which rivaled the best meal of any millionaire in Dutchess County. Cranberry sauce, and sweet potatoes and mashed po-

tatoes, three other kinds of vegetables, and pickles, and, to crown that Thanksgiving meal, a steaming pudding, made from a recipe that originated in Shropshire. But what is more important, there were also turkey dinners in three other homes in the neighborhood, lowly houses, where there would have been only the usual frugal meal had not a smiling man in ministerial garb knocked at their doors in the twilight of Thanksgiving Eve and, when the doors were opened, held out a mysterious, heavy package that turned out to contain a huge turkey.

Three things were added to the Cadman family during the year that followed. The most important of these was a little girl, the second of the three Cadman children. Her coming quite overshadowed all the other events of the twelve-month, much to the disgust of the second addition to the household, an affectionate collie, whom the parson had rescued from starvation. The dog envied the tiny feminine addition to the family, because, somehow, the baby held the center of attention;

though, of course, the father of the house did not neglect the family dog entirely.

One Sunday night the congregation at the Millbrook Methodist Episcopal Church assembled, as usual, for the eight o'clock services, to discover that there was no minister. They waited patiently until a quarter after the hour, and then impatiently for another fifteen minutes. Some of the members were stirring restlessly, as if about to leave, when the door at the back of the auditorium opened. Everyone turned to see the minister, in his full regalia, covered almost completely with mud. He looked for all the world as if he had been spending the last hour or so walking through a swamp that was to be found down the railroad tracks.

As a matter of fact, he had been doing just that. The Cadman dog was missing at supper time. His master, haunted by the thought that the dog had wandered into the swamp and gotten stuck in the boggy mud, had gone in search of him there. Thought of the evening services, regard for his clothes, everything had been forgotten. The man's

great heart had gone out to the lost animal and he had dropped everything to go and find him.

When he entered the church, he said nothing of what he had been doing. He simply marched down the main aisle to the pulpit and started the services as if nothing unusual had happened. The sermon that night was one of the best he ever preached.

A few pages back, mention was made of "a friendly dog and a quite-otherwise horse." What young Cadman knew about horses was even less than he had known, on arriving in Millbrook, about farming. Years later he said that, if you came right down to "brass tackes," he would have had difficulty in telling a horse from a mule. When the family budget permitted, he was lucky enough to buy, as his first venture, a trusty little gray mustang, who served him faithfully and took him far and wide over the country without complaint. Her name was Betty. She was not particularly beautiful, but she was a good horse.

Later, however, when the budget again showed signs of prospering, the minister felt an anxiety to be stylish. He sold Betty and bought a horse that

was admirable in appearance but faulty in disposition. He had a quirk in his temper that led him, from time to time, to turn short on the King's Highway, break the buggy in two, and dispose of the front half over fences and nearby fields. In an effort to humor this quirk, the minister took to what was then known as a road cart. But buggy or sulky made no difference to the horse. He persisted in taking fences and fields in preference to going to funerals, weddings, or on pastoral calls. The language of the farmers over whose fields she romped was uncomplimentary. The disappointment of the minister was deep. What the final outcome might have been, no one knows; fortunately, the distracted preacher received a call to the city, and never had to tend a horse of his own again.

How that call to another church came is the story of two years of constant application and achievement in Millbrook and in Verbank. The minister's ability as a speaker and his reputation as a religious leader, grew until they attracted the attention of many of the summer visitors from

the city. He was constantly on the look-out for new ways in which he might help his flock and, after he became firmly established, he hit upon a plan that proved most effective, a plan that was later to contribute to his international fame.

He made it a custom to thresh out community problems in a little fifteen-minute talk before the church services began. His method was simple: he would take some current question of the community and give an answer to it in terms of Christ's teachings. The scheme proved effective from the first. On one night, in particular, it was strikingly effective. Near Millbrook, on one of the high-roads, was an inn. Its proprietor had turned the place into something between a saloon and a gambling den. To it, on Saturday nights, men came from miles around, either to get drunk or to lose all their earnings in gambling. Some did both. The place became a non-social sore and a community black mark.

One winter day, Millbrook's Methodist minister paid a call on the proprietor. He made no comments or criticisms. He simply invited the inn-

keeper to attend church services at Millbrook the following Sunday night. The man, finding the young minister so disarming, accepted the invitation with a defiant smile. On Sunday night he appeared at the church and took a seat well down front.

The fifteen-minute discussion was scheduled, as usual, before the regular services. During that fifteen minutes, with all the magnificent ability that was his, Cadman talked to the innkeeper, looking him straight in the eye every minute of the time. He answered the question why the inn was un-Christian. He showed why it should be exactly the opposite of what it was. And he pounded home his point by giving a vivid picture of what it was to follow the Master.

When he had finished, the proprietor of the inn got up and left the church, without a word in reply. Most of the people in the congregation thought that that would be the end of the matter. The gambler would go his way and the minister's words would prove to have been wasted. But within the week the inn quit selling liquor and forbade

gambling. Within the year the innkeeper joined the church. The Methodist minister had won another victory.

Such things as this do not go unnoticed. A speaker with Cadman's ability and with his style is not long obscure. The first man from the city to realize the young minister's ability was Robert E. Bonner, of the New York *Ledger.* In 1891, Bonner gave young Cadman the opportunity to begin his literary career. The Millbrook preacher took a place on the publication formerly held by James Parton and Henry Ward Beecher, and remained on the staff for several years. He would go into the city once a week to deliver his editorials and talk over editorial problems, returning to Millbrook the same day. His reputation and popularity as a writer increased year by year, and in 1895 he wrote the *Ledger's* leading article, celebrating the Five Hundredth Anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. It was his first literary achievement. It was not to be his last.

His friendship with Mr. Bonner, and with other of the summer visitors, led to a wider and wider

acquaintanceship in New York. It reached a climax in 1893, when the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Yonkers invited him to come and take over their pulpit.

It was an opportunity for greater service, which he did not feel that he could refuse. But he left the countryside with great reluctance. He had always loved it and it was hard to go. He had made numberless friends, whom it hurt him to leave. Time and again, in the years to come, he was to go back, first to visit his old friends, then to meet their children and their grandchildren. The hills of Dutchess County were always to be a fond memory for him, and their beauty, under the open sky, was to haunt him again and again when he was deep in serving people of Yonkers, of New York, of Brooklyn, of the United States, of the World—in the years to come. He still has beloved friends there, and goes back to visit them during the brief vacations he allows himself; and for many a Thanksgiving after he left the countryside, old parishioners sent him a turkey in mem-

ory of the days when he was with them his whole time.

As he had given unstintingly to Millbrook and Verbank, so had they, in their humble fashion given unstintingly to him. He had acquired there a firm faith in his own ability, a faith that was to carry him to the leadership of American Protestantism. He had learned and mastered the problems of a practical ministry. He had come there an untutored Englishman. He was going away a loyal American. In after years he said: "I was born in England—a glorious land of which I am proud. Yet my birth there was something about which I had nothing to say. But the United States is the land of my choice and my first devotion." Undoubtedly Dutchess County, in its homely way, had developed Cadman immensely by challenging his ability, by making him prove that he was a man of the Master. He had succeeded. And now he went forth, matured and able, to wider fields of service.

VIII

New York

Two men, down and outers, hungry, clothed in rags, tried vainly to get shelter from the bitter cold of a winter night by crouching in a doorway along Fourteenth Street, New York City. A few blocks away in a gas-lit room, a young machinist bent over his Bible, reading with devout intensity. Like the tramps in the doorway, like thousands of others in the neighborhood, the machinist was seeking help. He wanted it that he might, in turn, be of help to the people of his class. His was a conscious desire. That of the men in the doorway was more or less unconscious. But it was just as badly needed. If help didn't come, the men would freeze. If there was no one to turn to with the assurance of guidance, the souls of these other thousands would go hungry. There was but one answer; help must come. And come it did.

It was in the days when ladies of fashion had but one ambition: to look like a Gibson Girl. Flowing skirts, tiny waists, ruffed sleeves, and picture hats were in their heyday. For the men, Ward McAllister was the model. The dandies wore bowler hats (secured to one's coat lapel by a neat black ribband) and drooping mustachios. For conversation, one could chat of Chicago's World's Fair and of *Trilby*, or could condemn most heartily the movement for women's suffrage, Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, and the Chicago Pullman strikers. Nor was it possible, when riding along Fifth Avenue in a closed carriage, to see the bums in the doorway or the young mechanic over his Bible.

It was the year 1895 and the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of New York—more widely known as the Metropolitan Temple—had a new minister.

He had been chosen by the church officials because of a distinguished evangelical campaign which he had led on Sunday afternoon in the old New York Academy of Music. The campaign, an

outgrowth of the advance in British Methodism under the leadership of Hugh Price Hughes, had been eminently successful, so successful, indeed, that its leader, after preaching one sermon in the auditorium of the Academy of Music, was often waylaid by men hungry for the Word and coaxed into delivering an extempore sermon on the steps of the building.

It was here that members of the Metropolitan Temple congregation first heard the man speak. Having heard him, they began to inquire about him. They discovered that he was an indefatigable worker. Before the afternoon sermon at the Academy on Sundays, he delivered a sermon at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Yonkers, of which he was the pastor. After his extempore sermon on the steps, he ran for a train back to Yonkers and topped off the day by delivering a further sermon to his congregation in the evening. And that Yonkers congregation was devoted to him. The Radcliffes, the Forsythes, the Oakleys—especially Solomon D.—and others, leaders in the church, pronounced him the best preacher they

had ever known. Under his leadership, plans were being laid to enlarge the church. The congregation was growing and, more important, was devoting itself wholeheartedly to Christian service under his inspiring leadership. Here was a man, the man for whom they had been looking, the man to instil new spirit into the Metropolitan Temple.

It had had a stirring history, that church. Distinguished members of New York families, in other days, had filled its pews. Among the members of its congregation were President Ulysses S. Grant and his family. But the city had moved northward and the membership had fallen off. Not that there was no opportunity now for the old church to serve the community in which it found itself; quite the contrary. There was wonderful opportunity to serve, only a leader was needed. And a few weeks after the trustees of the church had visited Yonkers, the leader came. Again S. Parkes Cadman had accepted a call to a wider field of service, and laymen like J. M. Cornell and Anderson Fowler backed him.

The new minister, without a moment's hesitation—as if it were his habit!—went to work. He had the church remodeled. He established daily services. Less than a year after his arrival, important changes were made in the style of worship, and a robed choir was installed. From the time he took over the pulpit until he left it, six years later, there was never a Sunday from September till July that the membership did not increase.

Yet he was then, as he is now, averse to sensational methods. Fly-by-night revival services, where a man is converted one day and goes back to his old way of life the next, were always scorned by Dr. Cadman. He builded permanently on the solid rock foundation of a firm faith. As one of the trustees of the Temple said a few years ago:

"Let me say this about Dr. Cadman's work in Yonkers and his work at the Metropolitan Temple. It was not effervescent. The Yonkers church grew while he was there, and it kept its growth after he had left. Plans for an enlargement of the church, which he had conceived, were carried out after

his departure. The good derived from his preaching was always a permanent good."

And the Dr. Cadman of today thunders, "I believe now, as I did then, that the earnest, faithful, and intelligent presentation of the claims of Christ can not fail to secure a lasting response from all kinds and conditions of men and women; and I believe that the pastor should be his own evangelist, and should reap where he has sown."

His pastorate and preaching became a feature of the city's religious life, and visitors from all over the country and from across the Atlantic came to hear him. His church was constantly filled. At the other end of Fourteenth Street, the young machinist closed his Bible for the time, turned off his gas light, and came to listen. Having come once, he returned. Soon, he was attending every service. That he got the help he had wanted is indicated by a letter he wrote, from a full heart, long afterwards:

"When you were pastor of the Metropolitan Temple in New York, and preached to the crowds on West Fourteenth Street, I thought you were

the greatest preacher in the city, because you were getting at the people that I knew the most about. In those days I was a machinist in the biggest shop in the city, tremendously eager to be a preacher. Honestly, I like you best because of what you did on the Fourteenth Street job, because it helped inspire me to later try out a somewhat similar piece of work at the other end of the street."

The letter was signed by Charles Stelzle. The "similar piece of work" was the Labor Temple, through which Stelzle succeeded, more successfully than any other, in bringing Christ to the New York working-man.

Those were wonderful years of service that Samuel Parkes Cadman spent at Metropolitan Temple. Each day was filled to the last minute with activity. Not for a week did he neglect his books, he read omnivorously, as always. Not for a day did he neglect his flock. He was forever visiting the sick, counseling the disheartened, giving a helping hand to the weak. Often it would be after midnight when he turned wearily homeward. But even at the tag-end of a hard day, his mind still

raced along, filled with plans of how he could make his church and his people more effectively and more completely Christian.

Occupied with such thoughts one evening, he started home from the church, walking rapidly. As he passed the front entrance, he noticed that something stirred in the shadows of the façade. He stopped.

"Hello!" his voice rumbled.

No answer.

"Who's there?" asked the preacher.

"Aw, gwan," a sullen voice answered hoarsely. "Ain't a guy got a right to try keepin' out of the cold?"

Cadman came closer. In the shadows, two men stirred and sat up.

"Y' can see wid half an eye that the church don't trust a fella," the hoarse one went on, encouraged by the attention he had attracted. "The doors are locked. But you'd think nobody would kick about a guy's sleeping on the steps."

The preacher frowned, the better to see into the gloom.

"I'm going to kick right now," he thundered, gruffly. "Those steps are no place for any man to sleep. Now come along. You need a cup of coffee. And after that, I'll get you a room."

The two in the shadows rose in slow surprise.

"Mister, y' mean . . . ?" one began, incredulously.

"Come along," ordered the preacher, leading the way toward an all-night restaurant. "And hurry," he added, over his shoulder. "It's too cold for you to be standing outside here without any overcoats on."

After he had fed the men and secured rooms for them, Cadman went home smiling. He had found another way to make his church of service. The next day the church janitor got an order to the effect that the doors of the building should never be locked again. The Metropolitan Temple could be used as a sanctuary for lost souls as well as a place where found souls could worship.

Six wonderful years of service. Near their end, he realized that the work of the Temple must enlarge or become stationary. For a time he advo-

cated the building of an endowed, cathedral-like structure that might serve as a beacon light to the community to which the Temple ministered. But the financial demands could not be met and Cadman decided to dedicate his life to the pulpit. He was Doctor Cadman, now, in truth. In 1898, he received two Doctor of Divinity degrees, one from the University of Syracuse, the other from Wesleyan University, at Middleton, Connecticut. He had been the youngest member of the General Conference of his church, and older men were already looking toward him as a future possibility to fill the Bishopric. But Dr. Cadman turned his back on these honors. He was a preacher—yes; but he should be, above all, a minister. He decided to devote his life and his energy to ministering to the flock. There was but one qualification: it must be a flock large enough to occupy his boundless capacity for work. That was why, in 1900, he again—and for the last time—accepted a call to another church.

IX

Kaleidoscope

THE call to the pulpit of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn—one of the most famous ministerial posts in all America—came to Dr. Cadman on December 18, 1900. It was his thirty-sixth birthday and he was nearing the height of his ability. Although he had been a minister for little more than a decade, he had made the imprint of his personality on the religious world of the United States. Behind him lay the hard years of toil in the mines; the harder years of grinding study; the lay ministry; the years at Richmond; the years at Millbrook, at Yonkers, at Metropolitan Temple . . . behind, the sowing and the summer sun.

Ahead of him he could see years more of hard work—long weary hours of it—for the Master. But the sowing was a thing of the past. Ahead

lay the years of harvesting. To look at them in retrospect is like looking at some magical kaleidoscope of achievement. The man's life touched the lives of his flock in Brooklyn and of those who worked with him, and they were filled with the Spirit of Christ. Through the medium of the platform, he touched the lives of another multitude, over the nation, and these lives, too, were inspired by his magnificent faith. During the war a third vast group of soldiers came under his ministry; again his spirit reached out to the hungering. And at last, through the radio, he reaped his greatest and his most romantic harvest.

A few facts, first, about the Central Congregational Church and Dr. Cadman's connection with it. Then a picture of his activities since he came there. For so myriad were his activities in the thirty years that followed, that to say they were like a kaleidoscope is only to hint at their colorful variety.

He accepted the call to Brooklyn and preached his first sermon on Sunday, March 3, 1901. He was

formally installed by a council convened for that purpose on May thirteenth.

Dr. Cadman succeeded the Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, who had been pastor of the church since 1882, and, who, at the time of his death, was considered one of the best preachers in the United States.

The new minister took hold with characteristic ardor, and the membership immediately began to grow. It has grown steadily ever since. In the thirty years of his ministry, it has doubled in size and in revenue. On the fiftieth anniversary of the church's foundation, the members gave a $50,000 thank-offering, which was used to purchase ground and build a chapel; and the Parish House, where is found Dr. Cadman's study, has also been added during his régime.

That study might well be called the most beautiful facet of his kaleidoscopic activities. People came to it—old and young, men and women—seeking advice. It is a most outlandishly informal study for a famous preacher. While he is holding

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CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

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a conference, be it with a member of his congregation or with a famous leader of American Protestantism, he is quite likely to stop short and greet the church janitor. He is even more likely to postpone the conference indefinitely to ask the janitor how his wife and children are. And if one of the children, by some miracle, happens to peep into the room, the conference is dropped like a hot potato while the famous preacher finds out how the lessons are coming along and whether the intruder has been a good boy and obeyed his mother.

It would hardly be called a study at all, if it were not for the rows on rows of books that line it. The room itself is large. In the middle of one wall is a fireplace, with a mirror over it. The only furniture is a giant table, usually half-filled with letters, and a few comfortable chairs.

Between the room and the outside door are a waiting-room and a small office. The door is at the end of a hallway beside the office. Somebody rings the doorbell and Dr. Cadman, poring over a letter, gets up and answers it. Two people have come

to see him. One is a father, the other a son. The son does not want to go to college. The father thinks he should. What does the Doctor think?

"Come into the study," says the Doctor.

Almost before they are seated, the doorbell rings again.

"See who it is, lad," says Dr. Cadman to the son. "And tell 'em to answer the door for us while we are talking."

When the boy comes back, the three consult. The father and the son do most of the talking. The minister listens. Then, suddenly, he speaks, rapidly and to the point. He tells about other boys, with fathers who are not able to send their sons to college, boys who, nevertheless, value an education so much that they are willing to work their way through for it. The son listens, leaning forward in his chair. When the minister is through, the boy clears his throat.

"You're right, sir," he says, looking the other straight in the eye. And father and son relax in their chairs. But only for a fraction of a second. The minister gets up, smiles.

"Goodbye," he says, leading the way toward the study doorway. The boy and the man start to stammer thanks but Dr. Cadman will have none of it.

"Haven't got time today. But come and see me soon again, lad. Goodbye . . . Who's next?"

It is an old, old man—a little wrinkled, wisp of a man with a walrus mustache that is so large that you get the idea that it has had something to do with bending the little old fellow's shoulders. He is out of work. He is a musician. He wants help.

The minister works rapidly. A secretary is called, and a letter dictated to someone high in the musical profession in Brooklyn. The little old man comes out smiling.

"Who's next?"

A woman this time. She talks glibly. She represents a large business concern and just knows that the Doctor will want to recommend the concern's products. All he has to do is sign his name to this bit of paper and . . .

"Goodbye," chuckles the Doctor, starting for the door. The woman is not a member of the flock,

is not after help of counsel, and might waste a lot of time.

"But ——" the woman begins.

"Goodbye!" This time the voice has a rumble in it, as of distant thunder.

And then, "Who's next?"

There are times when the last visitor does not leave until long after six o'clock in the evening; and, often, after that, Dr. Cadman will stay for another hour, going over his voluminous correspondence. Dinner at the Cadmans' is regulated largely by the work for the Master.

Young men who have worked with Dr. Cadman —their number is legion, and most of them are ministering to a church of their own today—remember that study and the hours they spent there under a man who overlooked their mistakes and cheered them for their achievements. One of these, the Rev. Dr. Howard Chidley, writes of his work with Dr. Cadman.

"I speak from three years' intimate comradeship with Dr. Cadman in the Central Congrega-

tional Church," he says, "I was one of his assistants while I was a student in Union Theological Seminary, New York.

"It has always been a surprise to me that the American public has not discovered Dr. Cadman sooner. He has been known, of course, through the lecture platform, and has always had an immense following in Brooklyn. But men of lesser pulpit ability seem to have become better known to the general public.

"I spoke of my comradeship with him. This was not because I was especially favored among his assistants. He is a great human soul, warm-hearted, companionable, lovable. We youngsters were like unlicked cubs when we came to his church to work with him. We made mistakes, but he seemed to forget them and to look for the best in us and commend us for that.

"He also played fair with us in the pastoral work. He took his share of the drudgery and the more uninteresting and uninspiring sides of the work, along with his assistants. There were seven of us in those days, and although we made 4,500

calls a year, we could not keep up with the demands in this great parish of nearly 3,000 members.

"Some men are great preachers, but poor pastors. Dr. Cadman is a great pastor. I have known him to call daily for several weeks in a home where there was severe illness.

"Of his preaching, much has been written. The two things which impress me, outside his eloquence, are his originality and his grasp. What he said of the late Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago might be said of him: 'Most preachers are well-cultivated gardens. He is a prairie.' The winds of heaven circulate through his sermons. There is nothing stuffy or conventional about them. They are marked by sacrificial love, and common-sense, touched by humor and romance.

"One of the most amazing things about Dr. Cadman's preaching is his culture. The sweep of his mind is tremendous. He has read seemingly everywhere, and his knowledge is accurate and precise. In this he is like Roosevelt. He is like Roosevelt also in his enormous energy.

"One of the delights of association with him was his endless fund of stories. He seemed to have a new one every time his staff met, and enlivened what might otherwise have been a dull session with his wit. He is an adept at story-telling. His humor is never barbed. He can flay when the occasion requires, but his contact with men is velvet-tipped. There are no angles about him. He is simple and friendly, as all great men are. He seldom resorts to satire. His preaching and attitude toward life are optimistic. . . ."

It is a boiling hot August night in a little nook-and-corner town in Ohio. The Chautauqua is in town and its tent is crowded to capacity. There is nothing hotter than a tent-full of people on a mid-western summer night. Restless people. The farmers in the back row are eating peanuts and crunching the shells noisily underfoot. Fans flit everywhere. There is a restless buzz of conversation, then nervous, tired laughter. The speaker of the evening is taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

Then the buzz of chatter from the audience again. The chairman is introducing the speaker of the evening, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. As he rises, the buckles on his suspenders flashing in the platform lights, his arms hanging limply at his sides, a formal splatter of handclapping greets him. Then, yet another time, the buzz of voices.

The heat rises in thin waves toward the top of the tent. A gargantuan woman in the front row indifferently powders her nose. The farmers continue to eat peanuts and crunch the shells underfoot. Nothing short of genius can hold the interest of that jaded mass of heat-worn, simple folk in the Chautauqua tent.

Then, suddenly—silence; silence over which rises and surges a commanding voice, a voice that catches the attention of the multitude and holds it; a voice with a message.

Farmers stop with a handful of shelled peanuts halfway to their mouths. The gargantuan woman stares, in quick, guilty surprise, at her vanity case, and puts it into her bag. Voices stop buzzing.

For more than two hours the voice of the speaker rolls on. During those two hours, hardly a person stirs in all the serried rows of Chautauqua chairs under the vast dome of that sultry tent. And, on the platform, the man who had once been a coal miner puts herculean energy into what he says, until, at the end, his light summer clothing clings to him, dripping with perspiration.

After the lecture was ended, he had no thought of rest. He went to his hotel, changed to fresh clothes, and came down to the lobby. There he sat for two hours more, until train time, pouring out counsel to a young minister who had come to him for advice.

The young minister is now Dr. William L. Stidger, of Boston Theological Seminary. He had introduced Dr. Cadman that evening. In those days he was managing the speakers on that particular Chautauqua tour. He told me that next to William Jennings Bryan, the best speaker on the list, as far as the public was concerned, was Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

He made a good soldier. Absolutely and irrevocably opposed to war, he nevertheless realized that boys in war were more in need of the teachings of Jesus Christ than was his congregation in Brooklyn. When the Twenty-third Infantry Regiment of the New York National Guard was called to the Mexican border in 1916, Dr. Cadman went along as its chaplain.

His tent-mate on the border was Dr. Richard J. Kevin, a prominent Brooklyn physician and the greatly admired medical officer of the regiment. The two of them went through some of the hottest days of their lives down there in southern Texas, where the thermometer acts like a mountain climber, and the sun is on the job every minute of the day. It was a time when a man longed for a shower, be it natural or artificial.

After the regiment had settled, a pipe line was run from the Rio Grande, several miles away, and little shacks were constructed in which, it was planned, the officers could have showers in the heat of the day. Dr. Cadman was one of the first to try the new convenience.

He returned to his tent-mate wreathed in smiles.

"You look just as hot as ever," Dr. Kevin told him, skeptically.

"It gets to be a habit," the chaplain replied. "But take my advice and try one of those showers. There's nothing like it."

Dr. Kelvin, though still skeptical, took his tent-mate's advice.

The results were disastrous. The ranking medical officer returned to the tent parboiled. The water from the Rio, piped on the surface of the ground in full view of the hot sun, had been hot enough to boil an egg. Dr. Kelvin came back to the tent with definite ideas as to the effectiveness of the showers as cooling agents, and with a speech, all outlined, that he intended to deliver to the man who had recommended them. But the speech was never delivered. As soon as he appeared at the entrance of the tent, he was greeted with hearty laughter.

"I was nearly basted brown," Dr. Cadman roared, between laughs. "How about you? Are you well done enough to be served?"

One cannot imagine him not preaching, and preach he did to the soldiers. How he caught their interest is a story in itself. One day he was invited to address a nearby regiment, made up, for the most part, of boys from the slums of New York. Tough guys. They didn't look forward with much pleasure to a sermon. But they reckoned without considering the man who was going to preach.

"Boys," he began, after having been introduced to that multitude who had been living for months on army food, "how would you like to be on East Side right now, sitting down to a big slice of beefsteak smothered in onions?"

The boys cocked up their ears and began to think of home. Before they knew it, they were thinking of religion, too. And the force with which the sky pilot pounded home his message held them to the end. Dr. Cadman came away from the border with a wide circle of soldier-boy followers, many of whom, in later years, tuned in on his radio sermons as regularly as Sunday afternoon rolled around.

Down in Atlanta, Georgia, in December, 1924,

leaders of American Protestantism met to elect the president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. The retiring president was Dr. Robert E. Speer. The new one, the ballots showed, was Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. The highest honor that the Protestant Church of the United States could give was his.

Characteristically, he immediately went to work. As was the case with everything to which he lent his labors and his mind and his faith, the Council grew under his leadership. When he retired, at Rochester, in December, 1928, he was immediately elected, unanimously, to be the radio minister of the Council—a position he still holds.

The kaleidoscope has another bright and lasting facet-scholarship. From his work on the old *Ledger*, he turned, in 1911 to his first long volume, *Charles Darwin and Other English Thinkers*. Other books followed, the most important of which, *Ambassadors of God*, gained wide attention. After it appeared, Dr. W. L. Watkinson said that another book on preaching would not be

needed for fifty years. It is a required volume in a number of theological seminaries. Books from his pen now number eleven, the last being a collection of answers to questions, given to him over the radio.

Journalism again called him with the reorganization of *Christian Herald* a few years ago, and he is still one of the contributing editors. He also writes a daily column for a syndicate of newspapers over the country. Early in 1926 he celebrated his thirty-fifth year in the ministry and his twenty-fifth at Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn. An entire nation—and people from other nations of the world—rallied to do him honor.

From the President of the United States and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the man in the street in serving whom he has spent his life, letters and telegrams poured in by the thousands.

President Coolidge wrote: "Your sturdy Christianity, your broadminded, tolerant analysis of and attitude toward the problems of the individual and of society in general have been an inspiration

and a beneficent influence. That influence has been felt far beyond the bounds of your pulpit, beyond the confines of your city. May you long continue to be an example and exponent of the vital forces in religion."

"No man that I know anything about has rendered the Kingdom of God greater quantitative or finer qualitative service than have you this glorious quarter-century of your life," said Bishop Francis J. McConnell. "It helps to make life worth living to catch something of your mighty physical, moral, spiritual, and intellectual vitality."

Editors, laymen, radio leaders, financiers, showmen, ministers—thousands wrote, regardless of their religious beliefs. Alfred E. Smith was one of the first to send a letter. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, said: "It is a good day for your congregation. It is a good day for the ministry. It is a good day for America. All of us, who know your unrivaled power for simple, direct commanding utterance, will rejoice in the day and will pray that your strength as a preacher of truth and righteousness may abide for years—to the blessings of your peo-

ple and to the ennoblement of the life of Americans of all creeds."

And from far-away Europe, friendly Britain, from Shropshire, came words of commendation. Gentle and charming, these letters. One has in it all the warm pride of a professor for a pupil who has gained success. It is from Dr. Cadman's alma mater:

"Is there any room for a thin rill of sound from Richmond, Surrey, England? And from one who, however imperfectly, represents your alma mater over here? I venture to think there is, and that amid the Niagara rush and purr of voices you would even be a little disappointed if those who knew you here forty years ago did not join their voices with the rest; you would miss them. There are not many of them, but mine is one, and I want with all my heart to give thanks for the goodness and mercy of God who has enabled the Richmond student of 1886, to see 1926 after such a story of varied, strenuous, able, and successful work as you, by His grace, have accomplished."

The kaleidoscope is still, and but one face of it

remains in view. Yet, in the minds of men and women who came to know S. Parkes Cadman from one end of the continent to the other, this is the most brilliant side of his career: his work over the radio. And I am inclined to think that they are right; no more romantic story than that of his radio ministry can be found in the annals of modern Christianity.

X

On the Air

ONE day shortly after the turn of the century—long before the radio was more than a pipe-dream—there came to the city of Brooklyn a man named Halsey Hammond. Hammond was then in the prime of life, of little more than medium height, and was distinguished by a heavy mustache and a pair of pensive, kindly brown eyes. He came with a mission: he had been sent to the city by the National Board of the Young Men's Christian Association for the rather cogent reason that the Bedford Branch of the Brooklyn "Y" had fallen on bad days. It was Hammond's job to give it new life.

For a few weeks after his arrival, Brooklyn went its way and Halsey Hammond remained unknown to most of its great population. But he made friends among the ministers of the city, and

also enlisted the interest of leading Brooklyn laymen. Having done this, he started something.

He started something with a bang, not realizing that what he was beginning, would, through the genius of other men, grow until it reached the ends of the continent. The setting he chose was outdoors, on the corner of Bedford Avenue and Hancock Street, in what was then the heart of the Brooklyn Bluestocking District. Here, one fine Sunday afternoon, there appeared Mr. Hammond, followed by the Twenty-Third Regiment band, somebody carrying a soap-box, and a handful of distinguished individuals, many of whom were in ministerial garb. The little procession came to a halt at the corner of Hancock and Bedford, and the band struck up a hymn. People of dignity, surprised out of a Sunday afternoon's nap, came from nearby houses and looked on curiously. Others gathered around the band. Soon there was a crowd.

The band continued the program with another hymn, followed by a third, played softly, while the crowd sang. Then, from the soap-box, Mr.

Hammond introduced the speakers of the occasion.

There were a number of them, including all the leading clergy of the city. One after another, they mounted the soap-box, and delivered a short, inspiring, evangelical talk, five minutes in length. The crowd increased. By the time Dr. John F. Carson and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman had spoken, the audience numbered hundreds. Dr. Cadman had already become known in Brooklyn as a forceful preacher, and Dr. Carson, in those days, was, with William Jennings Bryan, one of the leading Fundamentalists in the country. But no creeds or theology were preached from the soap-box. The words that went out to the audience were strictly evangelical.

When the talks had ended, the little group, made up of the band, the clergy, and Mr. Hammond, led the crowd in a procession up Hancock Street to the Central Presbyterian Church on Marcey Avenue. There was held the first Sunday afternoon meeting for men only, under the auspices of the Bedford Y. M. C. A., since famous all over

the nation. And although Dr. S. Parkes Cadman did not realize it at the time, that meeting marked the beginning of his most far-flung ministry—a ministry that reached, eventually, to the ends of the earth.

The Sunday afternoon meetings were successful from the first. They were soon known all over the city and drew immense crowds. To them, during the years that followed, came the leaders of the nation. Two years after the first meeting the new Bedford Y. M. C. A. was completed and the sessions were moved to its auditorium. William Howard Taft spoke there. When the New York Anti-Racetrack laws were under discussion, Charles Evans Hughes, then governor of the State, made a special trip from Albany to address the Bedford men. Ambassador Gerard, just returned from Germany after the declaration of war between the United States and the Kaiser, also appeared on the platform. So popular did the meetings become that time and again Halsey Hammond had to have police protection to keep

back the crowds of men who could not get into the auditorium.

With the years, a background of music was added to the programs as a regular feature. Song leaders were secured. Special soloists, picked for their ability to appeal to men, sang before the afternoon's address. The Gloria Trumpeters won their reputation at Bedford. The meetings gradually grew in strength until they were known all over the country, and laymen from every state in the union, when they came East, made it a point to go on Sunday afternoons, to the Brooklyn "Y."

Nor were they attracted to the Bedford auditorium because they expected to find there an afternoon's entertainment. Rather, they came, like pilgrims, to drink of the fountain of Life Everlasting.

For twenty years—until the coming of the radio—Dr. Cadman took the season's program, and became the speaking backbone of the meetings. His staunch faith and convincing delivery were recognized as religious landmarks for the men who attended Bedford; they learned to love him

and to look to him, more and more, for leadership.

A glance at the last chapter and the myriad activities noted there will give a vague idea of what it meant to be responsible for another meeting, on Sunday afternoons, and a meeting requiring careful preparation. Dr. Cadman was at first hesitant. Then his ability to absorb work overcame the difficulties. He took over the task of running the Bedford meetings for men.

And to the meetings he brought his question and answer hour, since famous. Years before he had tried it at Yonkers. He had used it, later, at the Metropolitan Temple, one night a week, with great success. No service had been more helpful. He used it now at Bedford.

He was carrying a terrific schedule in those days. His church, his outside speaking engagements, his devotion to books and to writing, his pastoral work—all these things kept him at constant concert pitch. It left him with almost no time for leisure. Like Gladstone, he even used his breakfast hour for conference.

To one of these breakfast conferences he invited, some years ago, a stranger who had called him on the phone.

"If you can come to breakfast at my home," the minister said, "I'll be glad to see you. Otherwise, I'm too busy."

"I can make it," the man on the phone replied. "I can come any time you say. It is rather important that I see you."

So the appointment was made. When the man arrived, he began, immediately, to talk about the power of a new invention—the radio. He talked at great length. He represented station WEAF, New York; and he wanted Dr. Cadman to accept the position of radio preacher in the city of New York. There would be no expense or bother. The radio company would install microphones in the Central Congregational Church. All Dr. Cadman had to do was preach his regular sermon into the instruments.

And Dr. Cadman turned the offer down!

"I fully appreciate what you want to do," he told the radio executive. "But I do not think that

it would be fitting for me to broadcast from the church during the hours of regular service. I want to consider my brethren of other churches."

The radio man was extremely disappointed. He told the minister of the shut-ins that only the radio could reach. He told, also, of the multitude of people who did not attend church, but who might be brought to the fold through the radio. Dr. Cadman was obdurate. At last he said:

"I cannot see my way clear to do it."

The radio executive acknowledged defeat.

"But," the famous preacher added, "how about the Bedford Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon services for men?"

The other brightened.

"I'm not sure that it will work," he said, as the interview ended, "but it's worth trying as an experiment."

For three weeks the experiment was tried. After that, the program was continued. It was an astounding success.

Halsey Hammond, the secretary of the Bedford "Y," takes you behind the scenes in those early

radio days. Dr. Cadman was not the kind of speaker to limit his platform style to the demands of an instrument. He had been talking too long to audiences.

There was the day when someone asked where he could go to get a sound basis for religious faith. Dr. Cadman answered the question with thunder in his voice.

"To the Bible, of course," he replied, picking up the big pulpit volume so that the questioner could see. "Where else would a man go?" And he emphasized his point by slamming the book down in the pulpit.

The audience in the Bedford "Y" listened to the rest of his talk with interest. But the unseen audience missed more than half of it. When he had slammed down the Bible, he had blown out every fuse in the broadcasting outfit, which, in those days, was unable to handle great volumes of sound!

And the dynamic fervor of the man sometimes left the unseen listeners without a word that they could hear. When he swung into the body of his

sermon, he would forget everything except what he was saying. He would pace back and forth in front of his pulpit and would turn to men on the platform. Forgotten the radio. Forgotten the microphone. Forgotten everything save the vital message he was delivering. The unseen listeners strained their ears and caught only fragments of what was said.

It was Halsey Hammond who solved the problem. A quiet man, and a great friend of Dr. Cadman's, for years it was he who introduced him over the radio and presided over the afternoon programs. When it was found that the sermons were not registering on the microphone, Halsey Hammond hit on the idea of sitting close to the pulpit after he had introduced Dr. Cadman. All during the sermon he kept a wary eye on his friend. If, in the height of his address, Dr. Cadman forgot the microphone and moved to the right, completely out of its range, Halsey Hammond tapped the speaker gently on the right leg with the toe of his shoe. If the speaker moved to the left, another message was telegraphed by Mr.

Hammond through the medium of the minister's left leg. If Dr. Cadman forgot the microphone and turned to make an aside to someone on the platform, the telegraphic toe gently reminded him again. Halsey Hammond always kept one leg crossed over the other, so that he would have a foot ready for action. The makeshift worked admirably.

As the meetings grew in popularity over the air, the makeshift was discarded for a more reliable method. A pulpit was made, twice the ordinary length, and outfitted with two microphones. Behind the pulpit a bar was put up, and was so arranged that there was just enough room for the speaker to get in between the bar and the rostrum. The problem of getting every word to the unseen audience was solved, to the satisfaction of all. Dr. Cadman was checked by the bar and the pulpit; yet he had plenty of room to move in front of the two microphones. And, as it turned out, he found the bar a great convenience. He got in the habit of using it as a rest between questions after the sermon was over.

That the meetings were a mighty success is history. Those who have listened in on them number into the millions. Sunday afternoon at Bedford "Y" became a radio and a religious institution, and Dr. Cadman gradually took over a pastorate that reached to the ends of the continent, even to the ends of the earth. Letters have come from South Africa, written by people who listen in on Sunday afternoons, and not long ago there was a radiogram from Commander Richard E. Byrd, sent from Little America, in the neighborhood of the South Pole, thanking the radio minister of America for his sermon a few days before.

As radio minister for the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Dr. Cadman broadcasts on Sunday afternoons from the Cathedral Studio of the National Broadcasting Company, located at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

During the preparation of this book, the writer spent a Sunday with him. And the most striking thing about the day and its activities was that, after it was over, it was still difficult to realize how

far-reaching his radio work is. Probably the explanation lies in the man himself.

He wakes up at six o'clock on Sunday morning. By the side of his bed is a small table, and on it are piled, usually, the manuscripts of his sermons, and some books. He reads until about seven-thirty and then gets up for breakfast. He is at the church early. By noon he has done a day's work. After church we went to his home, where it might be expected that he would rest until dinner, at one. But he did nothing of the sort. He was at his desk, going over letters and papers, almost before he had gotten in the house and taken off his coat. He worked hard until dinner was served. Nor did dinner cause him to forget the church and its activities. He and Mrs. Cadman talked of someone in the congregation who was sick, of some of the little problems in the church program, of the activities during the coming week. After the meal was over, Dr. Cadman excused himself and went to his room for a nap. He slept about an hour and then was ready to go to the National Broadcasting Company studio.

It was a rather long drive, half way across Brooklyn and New York, and all the way one felt that the preacher was relaxing in anticipation of his sermon. He talked of everything under the sun. His fund of information is staggering and his conversation is like magic. We arrived at the studio shortly before three o'clock. It is on the fifteenth floor of the huge National Broadcasting Company building. Dr. Cadman greeted the elevator dispatcher and the boy who took us to the fifteenth floor. He knows everybody! There wasn't a traffic cop that had not waved to him on the long trip across two cities.

We arrived about ten minutes before the program was due to start. Few people would realize how much could be done in so short a time. Dr. Cadman went over his sermon, and talked about the program with those in charge. Frank C. Goodman, who is the man behind the scenes in charge of the Federal Council's radio programs, came into the office just as Dr. Cadman had finished reading his sermon. Goodman is a story in himself. He has battled successfully for years to keep sectarianism

and denominational propaganda off the air, and has succeeded. He is a thin, wiry man, more than fifty years old, and a fine Christian. He was converted years ago at an evangelical meeting in New York. In those days Goodman was a race-track gambler. After his conversion, he turned his back on his old-time companions and went into church activities. He has been in them ever since.

Just before the program started, two other men came in. One, Milton J. Cross, a big fellow, announces the Cadman services. He, too, is a churchman and an active Christian. He was followed by George Dilworth, who conducts the Cathedral Studio Choral, which sings during the Cadman program. The four of them talked shop for a brief two minutes, and then Dr. Cadman, Cross, and Dilworth disappeared, while Goodman led the way to the front entrance of the Cathedral Studio. We went in.

The next few minutes, while waiting, we spent trying to imagine that this studio was a little church. But we failed completely to establish the

illusion. It is not a large room, but it is obviously designed for radio broadcasting. Its lights are encased in strange, cone-shaped chandeliers with plate glass at top and bottom. The doors are heavy, and their heaviness is emphasized by leather coverings, fixed on with brass nails. The walls are gray, with fluted pillars at regular intervals. At the top of the pillars are gold-leaf decorations, and the gray and gold color scheme characterizes the whole room, save for one panel of bright green behind the Cathedral Choral. Chairs for the small audience are arranged, row on row, in front of the pulpit, but the pulpit is overshadowed by the Choral of twenty-five voices, and by the stringed quartet that accompanies it. A high ladder, with a condensing microphone on top of it, stands a few yards to the right of the pulpit.

As Dr. Cadman, followed by Cross and Dilworth, entered, a young man with a watch in his hand glanced tensely from Cross to a panel of transparent glass in the back of the studio, behind which the man who regulates the voices as they go

on the air, awaited his signal to tune in the microphones. The program was about to begin. It seemed, at first blush, rather a radio program, than a religious service. Cross announced the studio, the station, and the program. Dr. Cadman announced a hymn. The Choral sang, the audience, made up of people from all over the country, joining in. Yet still it did not strike us as a religious program. Another song, a brief prayer, and Dr. Cadman came forward to the pulpit, glanced at his manuscript, and began to talk. For a minute or so he followed his manuscript closely. And then, facing the little audience in the studio, he began to preach.

His theme was "Easy Religion," and he pounded home point after point against "hoboes on the King's highway." He spoke with a fire and a fervor that swept everything before him. And as the sermon progressed, this radio studio in the heart of a great city, faded from our vision, and we saw instead a little congregation in a Shropshire village, where a lay minister was conducting

an humble service for his humble flock—a service during which the mellow, strong voice of the preacher filled the little church with music, while the hard lines disappeared from the faces of tired miners and careworn farmers, and, from the weary eyes of the women, the look of stolid, peasant despair was lost in a light that was as beautiful as it was divine. As we listened to S. Parkes Cadman, we realized that he was following sturdily in the steps of that father of his, who thought nothing of preaching four sermons a day, and walking twenty miles to do it.

The picture of the little Shropshire flock, and the spirit of its minister, still lingered after the sermon was over and the Choral began the last hymn. As they sang, Dr. Cadman slipped into the audience, motioned to a venerable Doctor of Divinity, Dean Tillett of Vanderbilt University, and led him forward to give the benediction.

One could not help marveling at the simplicity of that radio program. There was nothing about it that smacked of the sensational, nothing that

reminded one of a vaudeville show and left a bad taste in one's mouth. It had been, in brief, nothing more nor less than a quiet, sincere, Christian service. And, as such, it had reflected the genius of the minister who conducted it.

XI

S. Parkes Cadman: The Man

IN THE Spring of 1929, at Buck Hill Falls, Pennsylvania, a large gathering of Protestant religious leaders met to discuss the problems of church unity. Dr. Cadman was to be the leading speaker on the evening program. As is also the case with world peace and Prohibition, he is a staunch believer in church unity. A group of men were discussing him on the afternoon before his arrival, and one of them said:

"He is the best preacher that I know."

"He is a better pastor than he is a preacher," someone else cut in.

"He's a better friend than either," a third added.

There was a moment's pause, and then the fourth member of the group, an older man, said slowly, choosing his words:

"I think that he is all that you have said. But he is more. If I were going to sum him up in a sentence, I would say that he is intensely human and intensely Christian."

All agreed that the last sentence correctly described S. Parkes Cadman. For his intensity is the thing that first impresses those who come into contact with him. He never wastes a minute. Even when riding across the city in a cab he either spends his time reading a huge bundle of letters or talking with the cabby. *Ambassadors of God* was written in hotels, or trains, in season and out of season. Other men have hobbies—golf, fishing, tennis, a garden, an automobile; Dr. Cadman makes a hobby out of work. When he feels he needs rest, he drops the work he is doing and turns to some new task. It is his idea of recreation.

A number of years ago he went on a vacation, and Mrs. Cadman set out to see that he spent it resting. Before they started, she found him busily packing enough books to keep an ordinary man supplied with reading for the better part of a year.

"*What* are you doing now?" she asked.

"Just a little light reading," he explained, guiltily, "I thought I'd take it along for the evenings."

"It is going to stay here until after your vacation," she replied firmly. "While you are on vacation you're going to spend your time relaxing and fishing."

"But my book," he protested. (He was writing a book at the time.) "I need these volumes for research in connection with my book."

"It can wait," insisted Mrs. Cadman. "You must get some rest."

Her husband submitted to the verdict without another word. He started on vacation bookless. He even left behind the half-finished manuscript of his book. Without protest, he quietly agreed that fishing would do him good.

The place he chose for his fishing trip was a lake that lay beyond the little village where the Cadmans went for vacation, and to reach it the fisherman had to pass through the Main Street of the town. Incidentally, he passed the post-office. Every morning, after an early breakfast, he took his fishing pole and started out. He was gone all

day. He returned at dinner time wreathed in smiles. But he had caught no fish.

Mrs. Cadman at last decided to investigate. One day she went for a walk that ended at the side of the lake. Her husband was nowhere to be seen. She walked along the beach, thinking perhaps that he might have rowed his boat in close to shore, until it was hidden by the branches of the willow trees lining the bank. Her surmise was correct. In the shade of one of the willows, stretched out comfortably in his boat, was the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, his fishing pole trailing carelessly in the water. He was surrounded by books, manuscript, and page after page of data.

The next time he went on a vacation he was permitted to take with him, for recreational reading, the Encyclopedia Brittanica, and a few books on art, literature, science and religion.

Nothing but a magnificent physique could stand up under such intensity. He is constantly demanding herculean endurance from his body, and, constantly, the demands are being filled. At sixty-five, he does not attempt to lighten his schedule; and

one could not imagine his retiring. Professor William J. Thompson, of Drew Theological Seminary, an old friend, says: "He speaks formally three and four times on Sunday, writes many letters a day, and dictates more. Each week he attends parish and other meetings, and lectures once or twice. During a month he travels hundreds of miles in a sleeper. He lives in a whirligig world and rivals an acrobat who keeps four balls flying in the air, while upon an instrument of percussion he makes a joyful noise with his feet. A man with a giant's strength could do what he does. None other can."

His mind is held at the same intense, concert pitch required of his body. He attributes his memory to hard work. There was, of course, great natural ability to begin with, but he has undoubtedly cultivated that ability. His memory of facts is encyclopedic. It seems impossible to broach a subject about which he cannot talk intelligently, accurately, and at great length. A trustee of the Metropolitan Temple during Dr. Cadman's ministry there testifies: "He had the most amazing fund of information at his finger-tips. I remember on

one occasion, some sort of church celebration in honor of George Washington's birthday, he dashed into the building at the last minute—he was always in a hurry—and came up to me and said: 'What shall I say? I haven't had time to prepare a single word. I don't believe I can talk for five minutes this afternoon to save my life.'

"I could see at a glance that he meant it. He seemed nervous and agitated. So when he stepped into the pulpit I felt really nervous for him. At that time, he hadn't been with us long, and I hadn't grasped his really amazing ability to speak on anything at a moment's notice.

"But he stood there and glanced around the church, packed with a large crowd. He started to preach. He faltered for a few moments before he got his stride, and then he swung into one of the most beautiful tributes to George Washington that I have ever heard in my life. And the truly astounding part of it was that all of his facts were historically accurate."

There is something phenomenal about such a memory, but behind the phenomenon is Dr. Cad-

man's intense faith in work. Whenever he finds that a fact has slipped his mind, or that he cannot remember the name of someone whom he knows well, he immediately begins to apply himself. For a week on end he makes himself remember everything, important or non-important, that comes to his attention. Then he checks back, to see if he has forgotten something. If he has, he continues the application for another week. Otherwise, he lets his memory work only on the important things. But the minute it shows signs of slipping again, he is after it tooth and nail.

His memory, and an indefatigable ability to concentrate, find full use of their powers when he is reading. He reads, as did Theodore Roosevelt, taking in a page at a time. Halsey Hammond, who often advised with Dr. Cadman in the early radio days, says that he could read a book of 60,000 words in the space of a few hours on the train. Hammond was at first skeptical about such rapid consumption. He used to check up. Weeks later, he would ask Cadman about some part of a book he had seen him reading on a train. The skepticism

was smothered under a deluge summary of the book in question, in which every important detail was brought out, crystal clear.

He loves books with a love that dates back to the days when he was a boy in Shropshire, and a book was a thing to be treasured. Today, his favorites are biographies, philosophy, and theology. Shelf after shelf is lined with accounts of the lives of the great. General literature, both contemporary and of the past, also comes in for a large share of space. He reads everything from detective stories to wordy ecclesiastical and scientific tomes.

But the real flame of his intensity is revealed when one finds him hard at work. He does not waste a gesture, a word, or a minute. He is everlastingly at it. And he is so devoted to it, he takes it as such a matter of course, that he assumes that everyone else is ready to work at concert pitch, too. If he enters a room and finds someone staring at the ceiling, he looks on in vague surprise and immediately sets about getting something for the idle one to do. I have seen him let his own work

go for half an hour while he searched his library for a book that would interest a man with time to burn.

He is intense; and his intensity is directly traceable to his Christian faith. He has said: "It has always been my dream to have a country home, an abundance of leisure, a fireplace, a few good books, a few choice friends, and a window that looks out on rolling country scenery."

True, he has the friends and the books. But having the leisure to enjoy them is another thing. And if his study had windows—which it does not —they would look out on a great metropolis instead of on rolling country scenery. He is so intensely devoted to the teaching of Jesus Christ, so dedicated to spreading those teachings to the ends of the earth, that he has shunted his dream almost completely out of mind.

When this book was in preparation, the writer remarked on the fact that the taxi-driver, who had brought us over, had declared Dr. Cadman "a real fellow."

The minister chuckled.

"What America needs," he said, "is a two-seated taxi. Then I could ride by the driver and talk to him, instead of having to shout from the back seat."

He is forever riding by the driver's side and making friends with him. It is safe to say that he has more friends than any other minister in America. When he first came into prominence, as pastor of Metropolitan Temple, other church leaders realized that a new star had risen among them. A new star is often the occasion for jealousy. But not in the case of Dr. Cadman. He has never suffered from the envy of other men in his profession. They all love him; especially those who are younger, and who know that they can always turn to him for help. There have been times when he has defended them against the criticism of their elders.

Dr. Howard Chidley, who served under him at the Brooklyn church, writes: "When I was being ordained for the ministry in Central Church, I was examined, as usual, by a council of ministers, as to my theological beliefs. These councils fur-

nished the occasion for anyone who has a theological axe to grind. One of the ministers in my council seemed inordinately inquisitive about my views on the Holy Ghost, and hectored me with questions. Then he proceeded to give his own views.

"Dr. Cadman rose, and, calling the minister by his first name, said: 'I don't like to hear you speak of the Holy Ghost in that way. You sound as if you had just met him around the corner.' I was hectored no more."

S. Parkes Cadman is, above all, a man who knows beauty. In his home are etchings, the best that art affords; etchings by Pennell and Whistler and Rembrandt. They are among the few luxuries in which he has indulged himself: most of his money has long since gone to charity. He appreciates them to the full, just as he appreciates the beauty of a hand-carved highboy, brought over from Shropshire; or a sunset over water, or a moonlit landscape.

But he knows, too, that there is nothing more beautiful than a soul that has been redeemed for

the Master. He feels it intensely, in every fibre of his being. And, like an artist, he has given his life, regardless of consequences and sacrifices to bringing about that beauty.

THE END

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